Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 149.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 10, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

MR. LEWIS WALLER, VOCALIST

Who is about to enter the ranks of vocalists by singing a song in his new play, *Robin Hood*, to be produced at the Lyric on the 17th inst. Musical critics await the interesting *début* with keen interest

No. 149.—Vol. XII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, October 10, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	53
Bystander Comments	55
The Topictator	57
Racing Notions. By "Carbine" ...	58
The World's Pageant	61
A Very Walled-off Astoria	63
Clerics and Laymen in Conclave... ...	64
Kensitites Busy at Barrow	65
The Trials of H.M.S. "Dreadnought" ...	66
Social Doings of the Week	67
The Scene of the "Cesarewitch" ...	68
Headquarters of the Jockey Club ...	69
Round the Town	70
Some Autumn Prima Donnas	71
Town Entertainments Galore	72
Scenes in "The Bondman" at Drury Lane	74
Paris Week by Week	76
Stag-Hunting in the Home Counties ...	78
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 44.—"Tarry." By Helen Mathers	81
Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl? ...	83
An Historic Inn	86
Valpariso Views at Last	88
The North-West Passage	89
The Library	92
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	94
Games and Pastimes	96
Automobile Topics	100
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	104
A Woman's Note Book	X

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

DRURY LANE, THEATRE ROYAL.
Managing Director, Arthur Collins.
Every EVENING at 8.0. MATINÉE every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.0. THE BONDMAN, by Hall Caine.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. BURNING TO SING.
MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE, in COPPELIA.
THE BRITTONS. CARL, Comedian.
Fête Galante, Miss Anna Hickisch. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Panama to Patagonia." By Charles M. Pepper. (Hodder and Stoughton: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Adventures in the Great Deserts." By H. W. G. Hurst. (Seeley: 5*s.*)

"Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts." By H. Coupin and J. Lea. (Seeley: 5*s.*)

"The Romance of Plant Life." By G. F. Scott Elliot. (Seeley: 5*s.*)

"From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn." By J. H. Crawford. (John Lane: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Ledgers and Literature." By G. Knollys. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"European Enamels." By H. Cunynghame. (Methuen: 25*s.* net.)

"Saunterings in Spain." By Fred H. A. Seymour. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Rapid Review of the Life of Napoleon." (Pearson: 1*s.* net.)

"A Short Story of Wales." By Owen M. Edwards. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* net.)

"Vocations for Our Sons." By John W. Wicks, F.R.A.S. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Things Seen in Japan." By Clive Holland. (Seeley: 2*s.* net.)

"The Romance of Missionary Heroism. By John C. Lambert. (Sisleys: 5*s.*)

"Adventures on the Great Rivers." By Richard Stead. (Sisleys: 5*s.*)

The Early Work of Raphael. By Mrs. Henry Ady. (Seeley: 2*s.* net.)

"Fair Women." By William Sharp. (Seeley: 2*s.* net.)

"The Children's Odyssey." By A. J. Church. (Seeley: 5*s.*)

"The Wilderness." By T. B. Clegg. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Victorian Novelists." By Lewis Melville. (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Voyage of the *Arrow*." By J. Jenkins Hains. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)

"It Happened in Japan." By Baroness Albert D'Anethan. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)

"The Gaiety of Fatma." By Kathleen Watson. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)

"Love Letters that Caused a Divorce." By May Aldington. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Worsleys." By Armiger Barclay. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"The Tides of Barnegat." By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Carroll Girls." By M. Quiller-Couch. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

"A Lost Leader." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Diana and Destiny." By Charles Garvice. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Cruise of the *Dazzler*." By Jack London. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

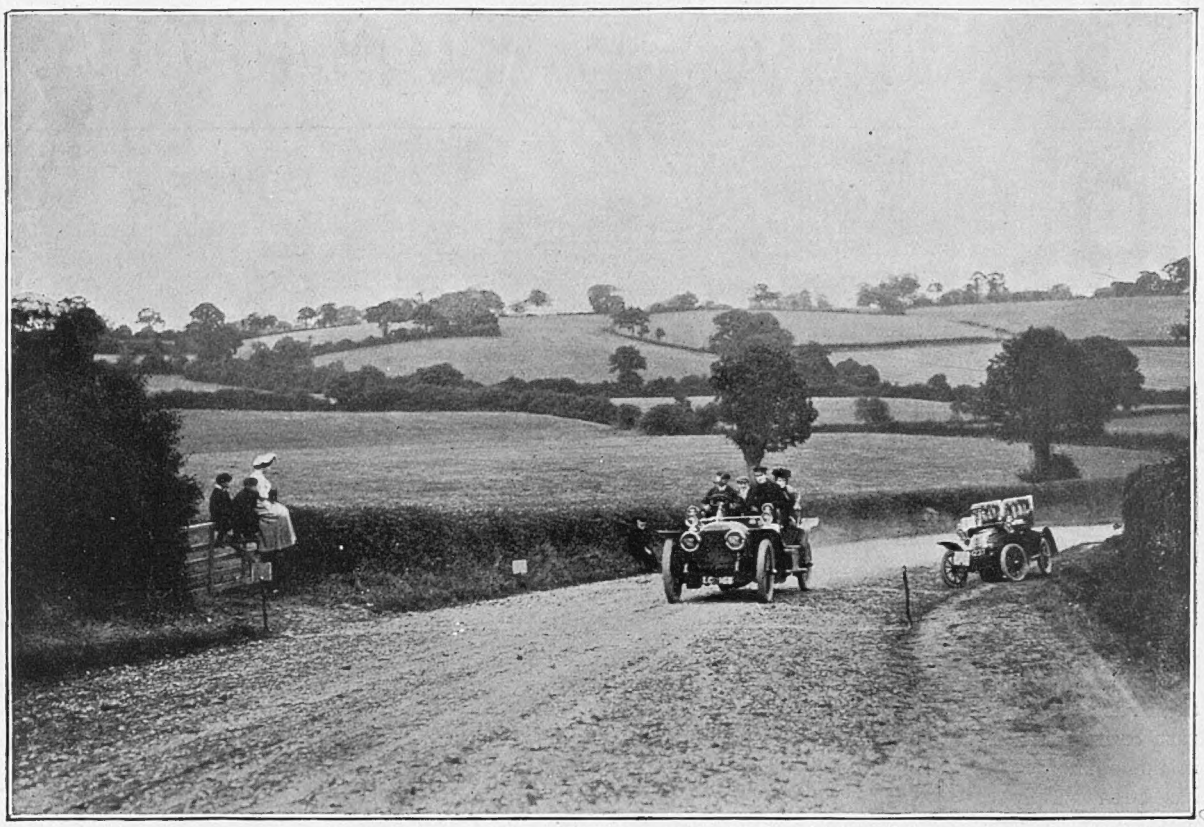
Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Week-End Sport by Road and Field



Essex Automobile Club Hill Climb: Mr. A. E. Levie, winner of the speed test, on his F.I.A.T., making the ascent

The contests took place on Saturday on Bottledown Hill, near Billericay. Besides the speed test, there was a handicap competition which involved a stopping test half-way up the hill, which was won by the Rev. E. T. May on his Panhard

Woolwich Arsenal v. Liverpool, at Plumstead: Liverpool clearing from a corner

Much excitement has been caused by the Arsenal's win against Liverpool by two goals to one on Saturday, for this victory has placed them at the head of the Senior Division of the English Football League, a position which has never before been held by a Southern team

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
October 10, 1906

If the "Springboks" manage to beat Scotland, Ireland, England, and Wales, it is proposed to pit them against a team of Suffragettes.

* * *

So Lord Rosebery has emerged again, and has been chatting merrily to Scotsmen about the new spelling, insanity, and other allied topics. But he had better be careful, or he may get on to politics, and then—retirement again, poor "Rosey."

* * *

The *Daily News* the other day had a leader on "The Empty Countryside," and said something about a "rural exodus" and an "influx of population into the towns." This is absurd. For months past *everybody* has been in the country, and there has been simply *nobody* in town.

* * *

One of the Sunday papers printed a whole edition last week which did not contain an instalment of some ex-convict's "Startling Revelations of Prison Life."

* * *

The clouds are coming on. Already, thanks to the enterprise of M. Santos-Dumont, they have had their first motor accident. The scattering of sand broadcast from the ballast bags at the start of the Balloon Race is a happy omen of an aërial dust problem in the near future, while, if they can only get balloons to *smell* a little more, aeronautics will soon become positively smart.

* * *

Mr. George Edwardes attributes the "booing" at the *première* of *The New Aladdin* to a deliberate plot. He was naturally astounded at anything of the sort in connection with a musical comedy.

* * *

Joseph Smith, the President of the Mormon Church, has been arrested for having five wives. It is obvious that he engineered the arrest himself.

* * *

We should like to have privately acknowledged Mr. Bourchier's gallant withdrawal of his recent circular excluding the Press from first nights by promising to "say no more about the matter." This, however, would have meant keeping his name out of the paper this week, and we had not the heart, now that he has behaved so nicely, to be quite so severe on him.

* * *

A contemporary speaks of the "Art of Tight Lacing." It may be an art, but it is one that kills inspiration.

* * *

Another blow to English sport! The new Motor-'Bus Trust is going to put an end to 'bus-racing.

* * *

The Brompton and Piccadilly Tube is to be opened in January. Evening papers please note that we hereby patent the nickname "B.P."

* * *

"Those whom the gods love die young." Judging from the present state of the Gaiety booking, Mr. George Edwardes may congratulate himself that the gods didn't like *The New Aladdin*.

* * *

The Competition Editor of a popular weekly received by last Saturday morning's post 518 solutions. There were 208 letters and 310 postcards. The postmarks revealed that 309 of the latter had been posted in Scotland.

* * *

When the parvenu told his son to say "'Ope," and not "'Ope," and the olive branch insisted that he *had* said "'Ope," the parvenu's wife laughingly pointed out to the casual visitor that they both *thought* they were saying "'Ope."

* * *

A Definition

The newspaper: The *feuilleton* of Life.

* * *

"Finnish Music at the Queen's Hall" announced a headline of a concert notice in the *Daily Graphic* last week. We sometimes wish they would.

* * *

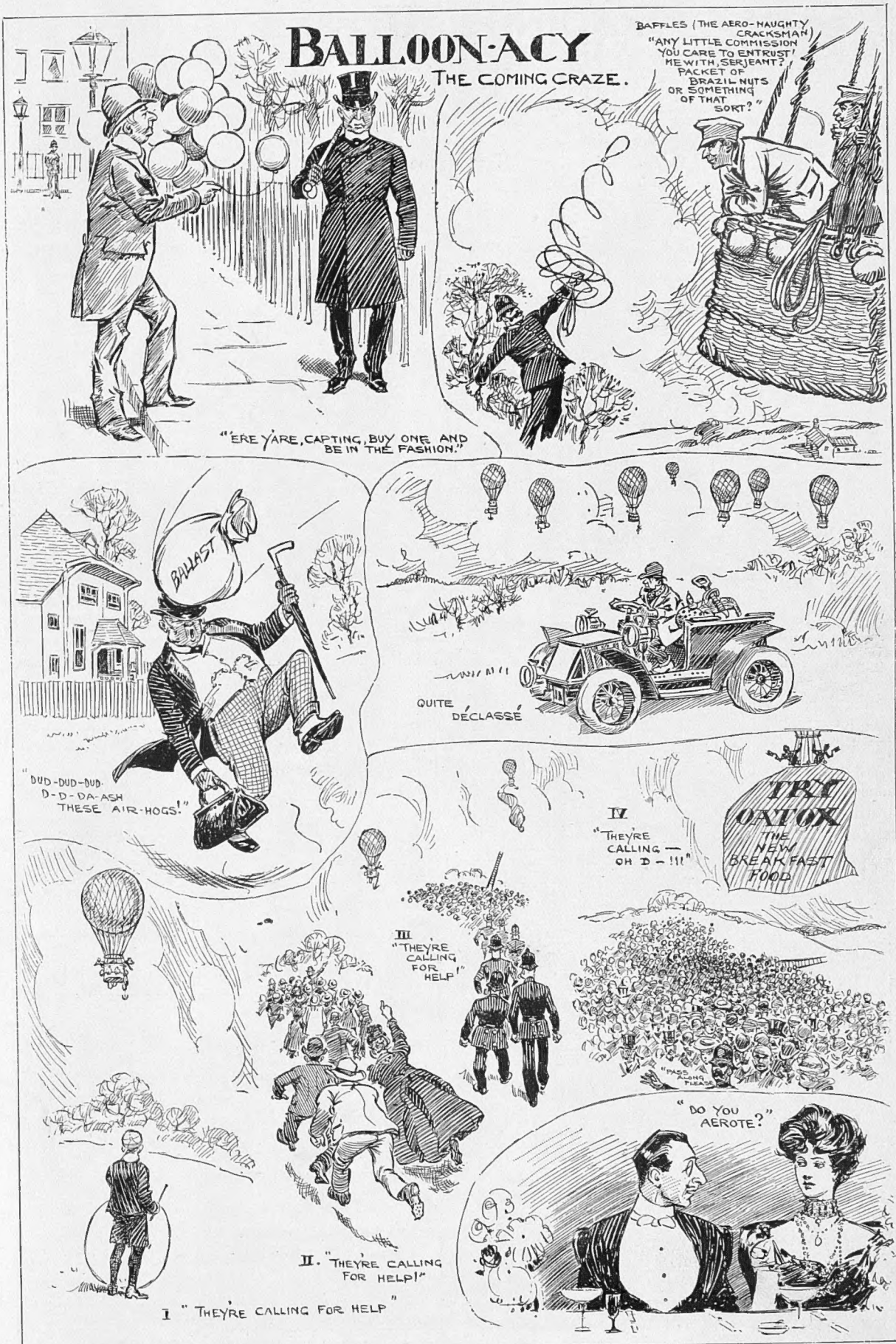
Mr. Napoleon Bird, a Stockport musician, has broken all records by playing the piano for forty-eight hours without a stop. It would have been even more remarkable had it been the organ.

Cannibalism in a London restaurant

"Waiter! Some more pork!"

(*Drawn by A. T. Smith*)

The Topictator



RACING NOTIONS

DUKE OF YORK STAKES AND THE CESAREWITCH. By "CARBINE"

A Rocking-horse Ride for Maher

At Kempton Park, the Duke of York Stakes has come to be regarded as second only in interest and importance to the Jubilee, and during its short history the race has provided us with some glorious struggles between high-class horses. Who will forget the mighty effort with which Sceptre extricated herself from a seemingly hopeless place, and won on the post by a head? Three years have elapsed, but that race seems as of yesterday. But there was no breathless excitement of the kind at Kempton on Saturday. The day, indeed, will be chiefly remembered for the extraordinary ease with which the big race was won. Most of us considered that Polymelus was a pretty good thing, but the decisiveness with which he vanquished his field was simply amazing. It is not easy to recall a handicap of similar importance won in such hollow style. For Maher it was simply a rocking-horse ride.

"The Best Thing of the Year"

Polymelus was very heavily backed. At no time was more than 5 to 2 laid, and at the finish he was very tight at 7 to 4. About any one of the others, 8 to 1 could have been secured. And yet, for all the enthusiasm which was evoked when Polymelus passed the post, one might have imagined that some atrocious outsider had rolled home. Scarcely a cheer was heard. Perhaps, people were busy reproaching themselves that they had not had more on this "best thing of the year," and so forgot to signalise the victory. Anyway, it was a silent triumph; but, of course, Mr. Solly Joel came in for no end of congratulations afterwards. He gave a good price for the colt—4,200 guineas—but he has quickly got all his money back, and doubtless plenty more besides. And now Polymelus is to go for the Cambridgeshire. He incurs a 10lb. penalty, but I question whether that will stop him from winning, for he must have had about 20 lb. in hand of Roseate Dawn on Saturday.

A Successful Day at Kempton Park

Happily, the weather kept fine, and the race was run under very pleasant conditions. There was a very large gathering in the members' enclosure, the ladies, as usual at Kempton, being in very strong force. It was a picturesque and animated scene in the paddock during the half-hour prior to the Duke of York Stakes. The parade was done perfectly, and the field were a very good-looking lot. Polymelus made by far the best impression in the canter to the post. He bounded over the turf in magnificent style, and on the return journey he simply devoured space, though there was nothing capable of making him race at the end. Apart from the chief race and its winner, the greatest interest at Kempton seemed to be aroused by Wootton. This tiny boy is becoming idolised by the feminine section of the racing public, and many of the men show their appreciation of his talent by systematically backing his mounts. Beyond question, he is a wonderful little horseman.

Concerning the Cesarewitch

And now, how about this puzzling Cesarewitch? "Half the horses at our place are coughing," said a leading Newmarket man to me on Saturday, and there certainly seems to be a mild sort of epidemic among thoroughbreds just now. So that what is thought about the race on one day may have to be completely revised a few hours later. His Majesty was backed last week, but had to be struck out. Hammerkop was then made favourite, but almost immediately was reported to be coughing. St. Wulfram, too, was the subject of evil reports, and, seeing that this horse has now been scratched, I have reluctantly to abandon a candidate whom I have thought all along certain to win the race. My selection now is **Mintagon**, and for places Manaton and Spate are recommended. Regarding other interesting events of the week, I think **Melayr** will win the Kennett Plate, and **Jubilee** the Cheveley Park Stakes on Wednesday; **Auber** for the Prendergast Stakes, **Victoria** for the Bretby Stakes, and **Thrush** for whichever race he runs for, seem to be the best things on Thursday; while I see nothing to beat **Slieve Gallion** on the concluding day in the Middle Park Plate, and **Hillsprite** may take the Alington Plate.

NOTICE TO READERS

Next Week's Issue will Contain a

SIXTEEN-PAGE

HUNTING SUPPLEMENT

CHANGES AND PROSPECTS FOR THE SEASON. FULLY REVISED LIST OF HUNTS AND MASTERS. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Ready October 17th.

USUAL PRICE, SIXPENCE

The Duke of York Stakes

Mr. Solly Joel's Polymelus, the winner of the Duke of York Stakes (Maher up), being led to scale at Kempton after an easy win

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Wales and the Universe

Wales, one is bound to acknowledge, is just at present very much in the eye of the world. Last week, its chief town, Cardiff, was the scene of one of the most significant political incidents of the year, and one which may have very far-reaching consequences. The resolution of a majority of the Railwaymen in Congress, that in future their representatives must join the I.L.P. or Socialist party, or for ever hold their peace, has caused the intrepid Mr. Bell to clang a loud chime of protest, which has echoed over the country. Close by, at Swansea, another momentous meeting—of the Miners' Federation—has been held, which is largely of Mr. Bell's way of thinking as to the question of joining the Socialists. To-day, and to-morrow, too, the Welsh National Liberal Convention meets in Cardiff, and on the 29th of this month, Lord Bute will open the new municipal buildings for the town. Lord Bute, by the way, a week or so ago, reminded us of the prosperous existence of Cardiff by declaring that his enormous interests in the Cardiff Railway Company were too heavy a burden for the shoulders of one man.

Photo *Thomson*

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.

Who chimed loudly to the Railwaymen's Congress at Cardiff in protest against being forced to subscribe to the "Constitution" of Tsar Keir-Hardie I.

* * *

Wales in London

Even in the "little village" we are not to be allowed to forget the existence of Wales. The Welsh Industries Association, which is under the patronage of the King and Queen, and whose President is the Princess of Wales, on Monday and Tuesday next, holds an exhibition and sale at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress will open the exhibition — pottery, homespuns, embroideries, and Welsh lace will be on sale—and the Committee includes such well-known Welsh names as Lord and Lady Aberdare, Lord and Lady Llangattock, Lady Brynmor Jones, and the Lady Ena Wyndham-Quin.

* * *

Lady Aberdare

Lady Aberdare—the prospective mother-in-law of Miss Camille Clifford!—has a positive horror of the present-day democracy, and especially of that form of it which introduces walking-ladies, and ladies from the

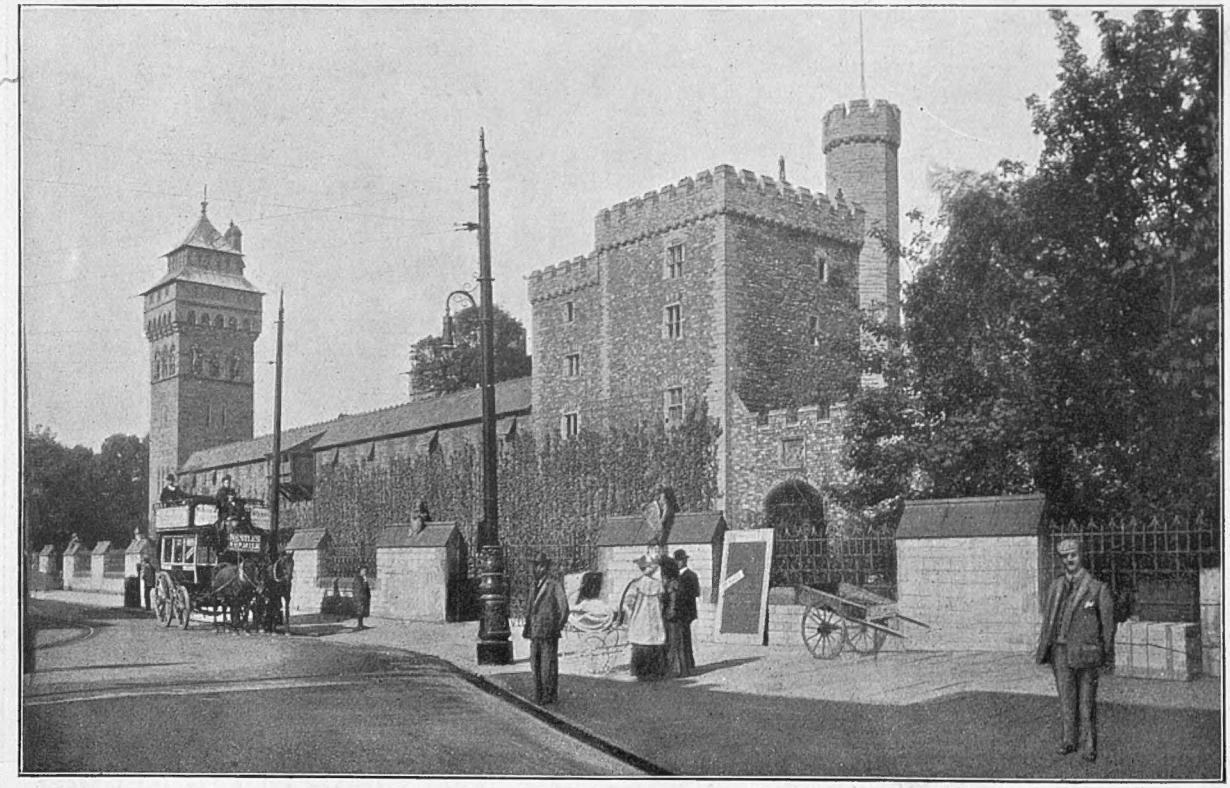


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Congresses in Cardiff: The Castle, which is now the residence of Lord Bute

Wales as the Centre of Things

chorus, into the Peerage. She has several children, the youngest of whom is still in the nursery while her eldest daughter married, two years ago, Lord Newport, and will, one day, in the ordinary course of events, become Countess of Bradford. Devoted to the quiet life of the country and to her children, Lady Aberdare's ideas on marriage, like those of most domesticated women, are conservative and not exactly broad. Her views, therefore, on her son's engagement, and the avowed determination of Miss Clifford to "get married" on the conclusion of her present "Shop," as it is described in the Profession, may better be imagined than described. An aristocrat herself, Lady Aberdare has never yet found either the time or the inclination to assimilate the modern ideas which make all men and women (especially if one of them has a good figure!) equal, and so her son's choice of a wife is, to say the least of it, incomprehensible to her.

* * *

Lady Brynmor Jones

As wife of the M.P. for the Swansea district, Lady Brynmor Jones is naturally much to the fore in the direction of the Welsh industries, and she herself excels in the fashionable art of miniature painting. Her beautiful London house, which is in Bryanston Square, holds many specimens of her work, and proofs of her keen and wide interest in the art and culture of the day.

Lady Brynmor Jones

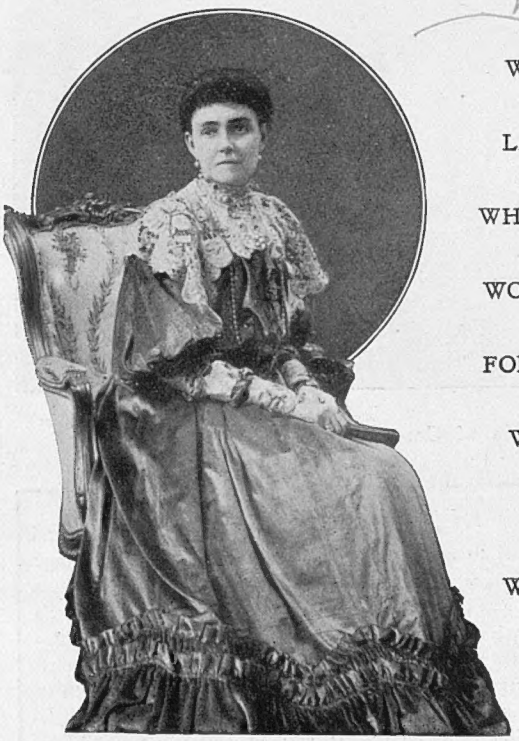
Wife of Sir David Brynmor Jones, K.C., M.P., the Member for the Swansea district, who *is* interested in the Welsh Industries Association

* * *

Lord Rosebery's Rentree

As the "private gentleman" who, it is alleged, inspired the erection of the Cromwell statue, as the ingenious suppliant for the preservation of the Auld Brig of Ayr, as the sayer of smart things to Scotsmen about "great wits and madness," and as the delightful writer of the reminiscences of Lord Randolph Churchill, his friend and schoolmate, Lord Rosebery emerges once more into the light of day. He is very welcome. Brilliance of intellect and a cultured mind are none too common, and, as Lord Rosebery himself remarks, in his study of the life of Lord Randolph Churchill, "mediocrities are preferred to the brilliant man," even "for the office of Premier." This being so, therefore, it is good to meet Lord Rosebery somewhere outside the racecourse, for, like most unorthodox people, he brings into life an interest and a snap which is, somehow, entirely missed by the orthodox. It is, by the way, to Lord Rosebery that we are indebted for the most modern definition of memory. "What is memory?" said a friend one day to him. "Memory," replied his lordship, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

WELSH LADIES WHO ARE WORKING FOR THE WEAL OF WALES



Photos] **Lady Aberdare**

A member of the Committee of the Welsh Industries Association; incidentally, the prospective mother-in-law of Miss Camille Clifford

Lady Llangattock [*Thomson*

Who has been taking a keen interest in Welsh Industries, but probably a good deal more in the industries of her enterprising son, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, of the roads and the skies

A Royal Betrothal "Canard"

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO A RUSSIAN GRAND DUKE HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED IN ST. PETERSBURG

Photo *Mendelssohn*

H.R.H. The Princess Patricia of Connaught

The Royal Princess who is, more than any other, the victim of newspaper match-makers is H.R.H. the Princess Patricia of Connaught. A little over a year ago, the Princess's name was quite wrongly linked with that of King Alfonso. When that rumour was dispelled by the hard fact of the King's attachment elsewhere, the busy-bodies started the story that Princess Patricia was in love with a mere nobleman, and the young Marquis of Anglesey was selected for the honour of a Royal bride by the ingenious know-alls.

Now, determined to affix the charming young Princess somewhere, the wiseacres have grown desperate and resorted to melodrama. They have arranged a marriage (in advance) between the Duke of Connaught's daughter and a Russian Grand Duke (Michael, for choice), and for a whole Sunday people in town found themselves speculating on what it meant. An Anglo-Russian alliance against Germany? British support for the Tsar, in the teeth of Russian revolutionaries? And then, a cold douche on Monday morning. It was, of course, a pure fable; the information came from—St. Petersburg. After which, the public scoffed bitterly and went to business.

A Very Walled-off Astoria

Lord Rosebery and the Statue

I may be mistaken—or, perhaps, it is that the subject is so pre-eminently childish that it seems part of one's infantile memories—but I seem to remember hearing of periodical controversies on the subject of the statue of Oliver Cromwell from my youth up. And here it is again! One of the hardiest Irish annuals, which continues to flourish in spite of civilisation and education and all the other "tions"! Naturally, the Irish and the Catholics do not love Oliver Cromwell. Equally naturally, they do not love the man who helped to erect the statue, and whose Home Rule policy has been so disappointingly undecided.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Oliver Cromwell Statue

Nevertheless, Ireland, or rather Ireland's representatives, should surely have greater work in hand, especially in this Liberal year of grace, than the emulation of one of Mr. Oliver Cromwell's greatest faults, viz., the tearing down of graven images? For that, it is said, is one of the items on the Irish programme for the coming session—the removal of the offending statue from the precincts of the Houses of Parliament.

* * *

Mr. Astor's Elizabethan Village

One of the chief hobbies of the Astor family is building. Two of the biggest hotels in New York—the Waldorf and the Astoria, now one, under the name Waldorf-Astoria Hotel—were built, the one by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and the other by his cousin, Mr. John Jacob Astor. Since Mr. William Astor bought Cliveden from the late Duke of Westminster, he has allowed no year to pass without adding, in some way, to the construction of the house. By the time, therefore, that he handed the beautiful riverside place over to his eldest son last year, on his marriage to Mrs. Langhorne Shaw, the house, internally, was as near to Mr. Astor's idea of perfection as it is possible for a house to be which was not laid out and built after his own ideas. Since his son's marriage, Mr. Astor has been busily engaged in "restoring back" to its original Elizabethan form the old castle of Hever, in Kent, which was once the country home of pretty Anne Boleyn. Not only the castle, which he intends to make his home, but the whole surrounding village has been either rebuilt or remodelled, and the whole, as I said before, has been kept as much like it must have been in the days of Queen Elizabeth as old records and old plans allow. Mr. Astor, who has just promised to erect a lych gate, and to give £500 towards the restoration of the parish church, has been very successful so far in keeping the wily photographer off his new domain, and, it is said, has even established the village "Robert" at vulnerable points in the neighbourhood in order to warn off would-be picture-takers.

Photo] **Hever: The Tudor village Mr. Astor has built in Kent, and reserved for his exclusive use** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The "new" village seen above, however, will not be used by the real villagers, but as reception rooms, etc., for the accommodation of Mr. Astor's army of domestics

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Charles Metcalfe

The distinguished engineer, who is now engaged in planning out the route of the Trans-African Railway. Sir Charles bridged the Victoria Falls, and took part, with Rhodes, in the Matabele Rebellion of 1896-97

Clerics and Laymen in Conclave

The Church Congress at Barrow

The Church Congress, held last week at Barrow, was of more interest than is usually the case with such functions. I was interested to see the way in which the enmity between the different denominations seems to be lessening, for at the Civic welcome another address of welcome was read from the Free Churches, while a great many of the meetings were held in the Great Hall belonging to the Salvation Army. The Bishop of Carlisle also gave more definite expression to this feeling by a striking and powerful address on Unity. Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham, preached a characteristic sermon on "The Church and Wealth," in which he also dealt with the undoubted failure of the Church to deal with the spiritual needs of the masses.

* * *

A Discordant Note

It is very regrettable that a discordant note was struck during the proceedings by the narrow-minded, though well-meaning, attentions of ultra-Protestants. Their banners and placards were prominently displayed, as can be seen from the photographs on the opposite page, and were especially directed against Dr. Gore. I believe the "Kensitites" are sincere, but, at the same time, they would do more good to their fellow-creatures by trying to build up their own Church instead of attacking some of its members with whose practices they do not happen to agree.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Dr. Gore Bishop of Birmingham

Whose attack on the Church for its neglect of the poor at the Church Congress furnished "copy" for eager contemporaries

Lord Hugh Cecil

The enthusiastic High Churchman who celebrates his thirty-seventh birthday next Monday (*Drawn by Thos. Downey, and reproduced from* THE BYSTANDER)

The President of this year's Congress, Dr. Diggle, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, entertained a large party at the Furness Abbey Hotel for the week, his guests including the Bishops of London, St. Albans, St. David's, Sodor and Man, Edinburgh, and Moray, the Dean of Canterbury, Sir Edward and Lady Russell, and several others; but the largest "lay" party given in honour of the Congress was that presided over by the Duke of Devonshire's heir, Mr. Victor Cavendish, at Holker Hall. Here the guests included the Archbishop of York and Miss Maclagan, the Bishop of Birmingham, Canon Hensley Henson, Mr. William Temple, the Ladies Frederick and Edward Cavendish, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Malcolm; while at Eccle Riggs, Lord Cross's place, Lord and Lady Halifax, the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Carpenter were staying.

* * *

The Cheerfulness of the Churchman

"Merry and bright," somehow or other, seems to be the motto of the advanced Churchman of to-day. Certainly it takes a professional story-teller to tell a good tale as well as a parson. Generally, too, it is noticeable that the "higher" the parson the better the tale, especially when it is one humorously against the Cloth. An assemblage of clerics to-day is also by no means easy to shock. In days not long gone by, however, it was the easiest thing in the world to bring the blush of shame and confusion to the priestly brow. I believe it was a Bishop of Glasgow who, at a former Church Congress, almost petrified the assembled dignitaries of the Church by declaiming in the most rollicking and nautical of tones the sailor's version of the Fourth Commandment:—

> Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou art able;
> The seventh day stove the deck and scrape the blessed cable.

One of the most popular, though scarcely the most humorous, man at the Congress is generally the Bishop of Stepney. He has a well-bred air of being quite easily able to hold his end—his Ritualistic, High Church end—up against the declamations of the Protestants, which has a fascination peculiarly its own. He certainly never condescends to allow any Protestant fuming to ruffle his invariable air of aristocratic serenity.

Photo *Russell*

The Bishop of Stepney

Representing the High Church section at the Congress

Photo *Bassano*

Mr. Victor Cavendish

Heir to the Devonshire Dukedom. He entertained prelates, priests, and other noted Congressmen at Holker Hall

Kensitites Busy at Barrow

"NO POPERY" AGITATORS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS

Three valiant "Kensitites" displaying the badges of their tribe

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

One of the protesters is restrained by the police

More than general interest has been excited by this year's Church Congress at Barrow. On the opening day, the Bishop of Carlisle preached a powerful sermon on the need of unity among the Churches. The only unpleasant incident has been the ultra-Protestant disturbances, especially directed against the Bishop of Birmingham

The Trials of H.M.S. "Dreadnought"

A Reply to Pessimists

Just a year after being put on the stocks, the *Dreadnought* has commenced her trials, and the occasion offers a fitting opportunity to scotch many of the sensational statements that the building of the *Dreadnought* makes the rest of our fine battleships so much scrap-iron. It has been repeatedly stated that, as the *Dreadnought* is the battleship of the future, and that as she could — everything else being equal — successfully engage two or three older ships at the same time, these are of little fighting value. This contains one of those half-truths which are so dangerous, but it applies equally to every improvement in warship design of the past fifty years. When the *King Edward* class came out, older types, of the *Formidable* and *Duncan* series, were equally outclassed, but no such outcry was raised, although Japan and the United States immediately took a leaf out of our book and started to build battleships of practically similar powers of offence and defence. Then, too, few of those who have already pinned their faith to the *Dreadnought* take account of the two *Lord Nelsons*, modern ships of great fighting value. It is true that the newer vessel carries ten 12in. guns to the four 12in. and ten 9·2in. of the *Lord Nelson*, but all naval men consider the smaller gun a most efficient weapon. It may not have such a long range or such penetrative power as the 12in., but it can be fired more rapidly, and is a most handy piece of artillery, as the recent gun-laying trials of our newest armoured cruisers prove. Ten 9·2in. guns could give an opponent a tremendous battering, and it is by no means certain that future battles will take place at such long ranges that only the larger weapon can prove destructive. At any rate, until those promised squadrons of *Dreadnoughts* appear, the days of the *Lord Nelson* and *King Edward* are not over, while the trials of the new ship alone will decide whether ten 12in. guns are not too many for any vessel. Within recent years we have heard several stories of warships being damaged by their own gun-fire, and until it can be proved that these huge vessels can use all their big guns to the best advantage, it is useless to say that older ships are quite outclassed. When the trials of the *Dreadnought* are over, we shall be able to gauge the measure of success she has attained by the design of future battleships; but until foreign navies contain many *Dreadnoughts*, our *Lord Nelsons* and *King Edwards* will certainly be neither outclassed nor fit only for the scrap-heap.

Photo *Cozens*

H.M.S. "Dreadnought," which began her trials last week

The latest addition to our Navy is the mighty ship *Dreadnought*, the largest battleship that has ever been built. It is only a year since she was put on the stocks, but she has just sailed on her trials. The results of the trials are, naturally, being watched with such interest by other Powers that it has been thought necessary to keep them secret. She carries ten 12in. guns, and, according to a high naval authority, the air concussion alone, if these are all fired simultaneously, would kill an army of men exposed to it unsheltered

* * *

The Commander of the "Dreadnought"

To be only forty-three and yet to command the world's greatest battleship must surely come near to the summit of every sailorman's desire. Captain Reginald Bacon, D.S.O., the new Commander of the

Social Doings of the Week

Photos

Mr. Chas. F. J. Allix

Eldest son of Mr. C. P. Allix, of Swaffham Prior House, Cambridgeshire

Thomson

Hon. Hilda Strutt

Third daughter of Lord Belper

WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY

Dreadnought, has not attained his distinguished command without a fairly hard struggle upwards. Submarine work has formed a good part of his training, and submarine work, as the veriest outsider knows, is not exactly child's play. Commander Bacon, while serving as lieutenant on the *Camperdown*, was awarded a medal by the Italian Government for saving life at the wreck of the *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, and he has also seen fighting service, for he gained his D.S.O. when in command of the *Theseus* during the Benin Expedition. On the conclusion of the campaign, he wrote a book, "Benin: The City of Blood," and he has also written a text-book, entitled, "Manual of Electricity and Electric Lighting for the Navy." It is entirely as it should be that Captain Bacon should command the *Dreadnought*, for he was Naval Assistant to Sir John Fisher when the plans of the great ironclad first saw the light of day, and he was for years in connection with Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and devoted himself to the construction of submarines from the very first day their use and construction was decided upon by the Admiralty. A fitter man for this important post could hardly, therefore, have been found.

* * *

Newmarket Again

Newmarket, this week, proves, of course, an irresistible magnet to the keen racing set, and Newmarket in the autumn would scarcely be Newmarket were it not for the presence of such devotees to the sport of kings as the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Cadogan—with whom, by the way, the Prince and Princess of Wales are to stay at Culford Hall later in the autumn—Lord and Lady Wolverton, Sir Ernest Cassel, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. and Lady Violet Brassey, and Lord Ellesmere. It is an axiom which has been evolved by the suffering "outsider" that though to get into the "Set" at Newmarket at any time is hard, it is ten times harder in the autumn than in the summer—and, goodness knows! it is hard enough then. The first and second autumn meetings at Newmarket, indeed, so far as the social element is concerned, are the most exclusive meetings of the whole year. To those who are "in," however, life at Newmarket is a merry one, and the joys of racing and dining and dancing and card-playing fill all the waking hours, and a very fair share of the sleeping.

* * *

The Centre of the Social Universe

For the last month or six weeks, bonnie Scotland has been the centre of the social universe. The grouse, the games and gatherings and meetings, the dances and the deer, have kept everyone busy, and the spell of fine, warm weather which graced the last days of September in the North, added yachting to the already lengthy list of attractions.

* * *

An Engagement and a Wedding

Mr. Chas. F. J. Allix, who is to marry the Hon. Hilda Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper, is the eldest son of Mr. C. P. Allix, of Swaffham Prior House, Cambridge.

This week has a wedding of especial interest to the sporting world. Capt. Algernon J. Cuthell, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, is a good all-round sportsman, and Miss Rhona Adair, who is the youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Adair, J.P., was the Lady Golf Champion from 1900-1903.

Photos

Miss Rhona Adair

Youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Adair, J.P., and Lady Golf Champion from 1900-1903

Thomson

Capt. Algernon J. Cuthell (West Yorkshire Regiment)

Only son of Col. J. F. Cuthell (13th Hussars)

WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY)

The Scene of the "Cesarewitch"

Newmarket High Street after a day's racing

Palace House, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's residence

A trial on Newmarket Heath

The High Street on a race day

Grafton House, the King's Newmarket residence

The great long distance handicap is being run to-day (Wednesday). The Second October Meeting at the headquarters of the Turf is one of the most important of the year. Only the Houghton Meeting now remains before the end of the Newmarket season

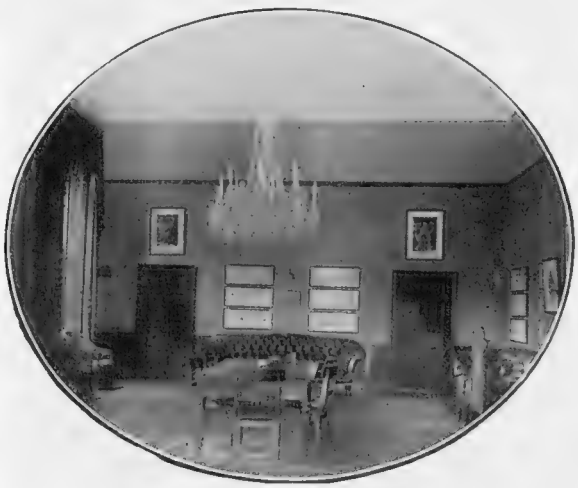
Headquarters of the Jockey Club

The Jockey Club premises from the lawn

The Jockey Club exterior

The coffee room, with painting of Admiral Rous

The dining room



The committee room

The card room

VIEWS INSIDE THE JOCKEY CLUB

Many fine paintings and interesting relics of famous racehorses are preserved in the rooms of the Jockey Club at Newmarket. His Majesty frequently stays at the Jockey Club for the Newmarket meetings

ROUND THE TOWN

Town in October

London in October, before the fogs come, is a very delightful place indeed, if only because one sees so very little of it. There are so many distractions away from it. There are the pheasants, and there are the fish, and, in October, the turf on the links is just as it should be—neither too hard nor too soft. There is Newmarket and there is Sandown, more charming than ever in its beautiful autumn frock, and then there is the *Prix du Conseil Municipal*, which, of course, necessitates a run over to Paris, and, for the women, a ravishing replenishing of wardrobes, in view of the country house-party season now in full swing. There are the inevitable autumn visits of foreign Royalties to provide distraction for those peculiar people who like standing in a jostling crowd for several hours at a stretch in order to see something Royal pass that way. And, finally, there are the theatres, all invested in a new motley this year, the opera, the concerts, and the generally full restaurants.

* * *

"Le Fiv' o'Cloque"

Apropos of these, I am reminded of the fact that Rumpelmayer, of Paris and Monte Carlo "fiv' o'cloque" fame, has taken that big building at the corner of St. James's Street and King Street, which was formerly the Junior Army and Navy Club house, and intends to turn it into a tea-house of the very latest cry. With the exception of Claridge's, the Savoy, and the Carlton, London is provided with no really "smart" (if I may be pardoned the expression) tea-house, and, of course, London now being nearly as much of a City of Pleasure as Paris, she must have one. It is a mystery to me, all the same, how people manage to get through so many meals a day. During the season an eleven o'clock breakfast is the rule. Lunch at the Carlton at two, which, with coffee and the inevitable cigarette, seldom ends before four. Tea at Claridge's, or at the coming Rumpelmayer's, fills up the hour or two between lunch and the Park, and then there is dinner, and a few hours later, supper, and a few hours after that—breakfast.

* * *

The Palace

The Palace programme is always overflowing with good things. Just now, of course, Miss Marie Tempest is *the* draw. Miss Tempest is only one of many of our leading comedy actresses who have lately trodden the boards of the Vaudeville stage. Her turn consists of singing three songs nightly, for which she is said to be receiving a fabulous sum. Of course, she is loudly applauded, but that is simply because she is Marie Tempest, not because there is anything particularly good in her rendering of the songs. A sketch entitled "Hooked by Crook" is vastly amusing, and the the Match-Making Burglar Bill, is simply killing. Other items are: Carlton, a clever card manipulator, the Palace Girls, and the Bioscope, showing the recent motor races in the Isle of Man.

* * *

The Autumn Operas

After two and a half months' breathing space the Covent Garden Opera House again becomes a—well, a breathing space, or in other words, a place wherein ladies and gentlemen of stalwart lungs exert them to their fullest power in the service of operatic art. In securing Melba for the opening night on Friday, the management scored decidedly, for the Australian *cantatrice* (you mustn't use an English word when writing about opera if there is a foreign one handy) was not much *en evidence* during the last *saison*, being only too often *hors de combat*, owing to trouble with her *voix*. However, she and Signor Krismer made the great house enthusiastic in *Rigoletto*, and as for the rest of the season, well, seeing that among the artists engaged are Mmes. Giachetti, Kirkby Lunn, Marie Brema, and I don't care to put down how many others, the opera-goer will positively have to scratch himself to impress on himself the fact that it is only the autumn and not the real season.

Copyright] **London's new "smart" tea-house** [*The Bystander*

Formerly the Junior Army and Navy Club, the premises at the corner of St. James's Street and King Street have been taken over by Rumpelmayer, of Paris and Monte Carlo "Fiv' o'Cloque" fame

Some Autumn Prima Donnas

TO BE SEEN THIS SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN

Photo *Vandyk*

Signora Giachetti

The popular Italian soprano. She is heard to exceptional advantage in Puccini's operas *La Bohême* and *Madama Butterfly*

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mme. Kirkby Lunn

The English dramatic contralto. Great in Wagnerian opera, especially as Brangäne in *Tristan* and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*. Her "Carmen" also has points

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

Mme. Melba

The leading operatic singer of the day, who opened the autumn season as the heroine in Verdi's *Rigoletto*

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mme. Marie Brema

A mezzo of Wagnerian tendencies. She has a grand manner, and fine presence, and her Brünnhilde in the *Ring* is magnificent and world-famed

Town Entertainments Galore

At Covent Garden

Not only, however, has Covent Garden reopened itself to Music, with a big "M"—also has its Fancy Dress Balls once again entered upon their merry course. Those most experienced in life about Town will tell you that the first ball is generally a more joyous affair than its successors, though it is sometimes outclassed by the ball on New Year's Eve. I think credit for the liveliness of the first ball must be given to the Army. The opening night of the season always attracts a large contingent of subalterns from the Guards and from other regiments quartered about Town. They give a marvellous fillip to the show. They patrol the floor in gangs, and break into fantastic renderings of the cake-walk. They carry on badinage with acquaintances in the boxes in voices for all to hear. Their persiflage with prospective prizewinners, who carry their impedimenta with a sweet tired smile of resignation, is carried on with more point and animation than is attained by mere civilians. They look upon a Covent Garden Ball as a fine "rag," and set out for the performance vowing that if things don't hum it will not be for want of endeavour on their part. Animal spirits are essential to the success of a Covent Garden Ball. A subaltern of my acquaintance was once asked how he enjoyed a ball, and answered: "Simply ripping. I saw three policemen on the ground at once." I quote his remark, not to imply that rowdiness is rampant at Covent Garden Balls—(it is kept within severe bounds by the M.C.'s)—but merely to show that the forcible removal of the obstreperous is regarded by some as a proof of the liveliness of the entertainment. The presence of a few such cheery spirits (the subalterns, not the ejected) leavens the whole show. I live in hopes that Mr. Stead will find his way to a Covent Garden Ball. Then we should hear what we should hear. Something more trenchant even than "drivel for the dregs."

Photo *Dupont*

Miss Maude Adams

The popular American *comédienne*, who is to appear in London this season

* * *

Gaiety Theatre

For some reason the term "musical comedy" fell into disrepute. So Mr. Edwardes put it about that the new Gaiety piece, *The New Aladdin*, was to be not musical comedy, but a musical extravagance. The latter term called up the palmy days of the Gaiety, when the sacred lamp of burlesque was kept alight. The new piece tries hard to live up to its new, or rather revived, title. There is quite a flavour of the thousand and one nights about the interior of Ebenezer's antique shop in Bond Street. The piece promises to break away from the confines of musical comedy. A witty librettist could have worked wonders by means of the genie at his command. He might have rubbed the lamp, and ordered the genie to idealise London in most humorous fashion. Unfortunately, very little is made of this great opportunity. True, there is comedy in the idea of a policeman who is lost in the new London, and who is forced to ask the men he takes into custody the way to Vine Street. But these legitimate mines of humour are not properly worked. The spirit of musical comedy—*i.e.* a succession of turns and specialities—soon becomes more potent than the genie of the lamp and the spirit of the ring. The performance peters out in spite of a clever cast. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say, because of a clever cast.

* * *

The Tyranny of the Gaiety Performer

Too long have the clever performers at the Gaiety ridden rough-shod over librettists. One feels that a skeleton of a libretto is given them, and that they are permitted to add flesh and blood in their own fashion. One feels that if they had to bow beneath the yoke of a clever librettist the piece would not be, as it has so long been at the Gaiety, mere crazy patchwork. Mr. George Grossmith, jun., was here, there, and everywhere. He worked very hard, and changed his costume many times during the evening. Mr. Edmund Payne was funny in his usual fashion. Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Adrienne Augarde hinted charm at intervals. I say hinted, because the guillotine descended upon them after they had occupied the stage for the brief periods allotted to them. The romantic, as opposed to the comic, elements of the play were not developed. What is needed at the Gaiety is a librettist endowed with sufficient brain and power to dominate the performers. As at present constituted, the Gaiety productions are go-as-you-please affairs in which the performers are allowed too much license.

* * *

Miss Maude Adams

"At last!" This exclamation follows naturally upon the news that the winsome Miss Maude Adams is to appear in London this season. The fame of Miss Adams has, of course, long since penetrated to these shores. London playgoers have been told that, as Babbie, in *The Little Minister*, she was a positive witch; that she weaves a spell over American audiences with each new rôle in which she appears. But her charm (I have seen many of her performances) is not easily described. It is to be hoped that she will come to England unheralded by the trumpet blare of American advertising. Just a simple announcement, "Miss Maude Adams will appear, etc.," and she can be relied upon to do the rest. BYSTANDER

THE FIRST FANCY DRESS BALL

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE COSTUMES AT COVENT GARDEN

DRAWN BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

SCENES IN

"The Bondman"

AT DRURY LANE

Jason is received on the farm

Mr. Frank Cooper (*Jason*) | **Mrs. Patrick Campbell** (*Greeba*) | **Mr. Henry Neville** (*Fairbrother*) | **Miss Marie Illington** (*Mrs. Fairbrother*)

ADAM FAIRBROTHER: "Come in, brother, you are welcome"

Jason, having deserted from the ship, smuggles himself ashore, and is received into the Fairbrother household. There he works as a labourer, and ultimately falls in love with Greeba (Mrs. Patrick Campbell), although she is engaged to Michael Sunlocks (Mr. Ainley), away in Sicily

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Harvest-time at the Fairbrother Farm

Jason has proposed to Greeba, who, piqued at having heard nothing from Michael, has accepted him. On the night of the harvest fête, news comes from Michael that he is Governor of Sicily, and wants Greeba to go out and become his wife. Greeba wavers, and then jilts Jason. In the above scene, the now notorious cows make their entry, but are *not*, as many people suppose, milked in view of the audience

SCENES IN

"The Bondman"

AT DRURY LANE

Jason rescues Michael, his erstwhile enemy, and half-brother

Jason (Mr. Frank Cooper), having gone to Sicily to be avenged on Michael (Mr. Ainley), his enemy, is arrested and sent to the mines. There, also, Michael himself, deposed from the Governorship, follows. The two enemies meet, but instead of Jason taking his revenge on Michael, he "comes out magnanimous," and saves him from a horrible death in the burning sulphur pit

A touching view of Mr. Ainley

Michael Sunlocks (in Act I.) revels with the little children, and delights the audience. The children play a considerable part in the first act, and a scene in which they say their prayers at their mother's knee, never fails to arouse the emotions of the gallery

Photos] **Jason becomes Michael's "Bondman," and weeps on his neck** *[Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Austin Melford *(Father Ferrati)* **Mr. Ainley** *(Michael)* **Mr. Frank Cooper** *(Jason)*

FATHER FERRATI: "I'll leave you together. You don't want me"

Jason finds Michael in exile on Lonely Isle, under the charge of Father Ferrati. There he assumes the rôle of the "Bondman"; arranges to smuggle Michael away on a British steamer, leaving himself in his place. Soon after, the curtains falls, and Michael and Greeba are re-united in a gorgeous tableau

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

A Mystery Solved

Delarue, the lost priest, performed a kind action in letting us know that he was safe and sound in Brussels at the very moment that his weeping parishioners were saying mass for the rest of his soul. People were getting crazy about him, and a few homeless wretches were arrested on the charge of having murdered the missing ecclesiastic. Delarue's parishioners, who would rather he had been murdered than found out in an amorous escapade, made a bold stand when the papers trumpeted the news that their spiritual adviser was in Brussels, in company with Mlle. Frémont, the ex-schoolmistress. They refused to accept this statement, adding that the gentleman in Brussels was an impostor; no doubt the murderer of Delarue, whose papers he had stolen. Unfortunately, their hopes were not fulfilled, for the Brussels man turned out to be the truant priest.

* * *

A Man in a Thousand

M. David, a friend, knew where Delarue was, yet he did not speak. He even remained silent when Delarue's heartbroken old father and sister went into mourning, fully convinced of the young priest's death. This M. David read all the papers. All around him

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The "Elfe" descending at New Holland, near Hull

The "Elfe" settled across the roof of a cottage in Summercroft Avenue, the great bag of gas hanging down on one side of the house and the car containing the balloonists dangling from the other. The aeronauts, Signor Alfred von Willer and Lieutenant Ciannetti, were quickly rescued from their perilous position, reaching safety through one of the bedroom windows. This photograph shows Lieutenant Ciannetti on the top of the basket

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The winner of the International Balloon Race

Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, who descended in his balloon, "The United States," 440 miles from Paris, at Flyingdales, near Whitby

he heard people commenting on Delarue's strange disappearance. With one word, he could have become the celebrity of the hour, with a train of interviewers and photographers at his back. But he never opened his lips, this wonderful M. David.

* * *

An Ex-Priest Traveller

Delarue, not overwhelmed with worldly possessions, has accepted his friend M. David's offer to peddle for him in jewellery. And, as he is still the nine-days' wonder, he has been approached from other quarters. A big Paris morning paper has already started publishing the ex-Abbé's memoirs, and an American impressario has—I am assured—offered him £4,000 to travel during two years in the States and give lectures there. Delarue will do well to take advantage of the psychological moment. A great scandal often brings in more money than a great masterpiece, if no time is wasted. For all that, he is very happy, and so is Mlle. Frémont, who soon will become Madame Delarue. All this happiness, however, might have been obtained with less noise; and this fact Delarue and his companion have realised by this time.

The Anti-Absinthe League

A league has been founded here, a philanthropic league, to prevent the sale of absinthe. The gentlemen who are organising the crusade against this poison have a great claim on our sympathy, and we cannot but wish that their efforts will be successful. Several of them called on a member of the Government, who promised them his warm support; and it is here the business becomes funny. The State have a horror of drunkards; and they show their abhorrence by continually increasing the duty and tax on liquor. What is the result? The lower classes absorb as much liquid as before, but of a much worse quality; and the only one who benefits by the transaction is the State. What would the State do if all the Frenchmen became teetotalers? How would they make up for the deficit? The consumption of alcoholic drinks is one of the most productive sources of income to the country; and, as matters stand, the man who spends his last penny on drink supports the State as much as the sober taxpayer. Here is a nice problem to solve.

* * *

Trouble at the Odéon

There is a gnashing of teeth in the Luxembourg quarter. At the little tavern, where the actors meet, there are angry looks and discontent. The Odéon is not the happy, peaceful spot of former days. The very books beneath the venerable arcades are belligerent; there is war in the air. M. Antoine is not the most docile of directors, and the company rehearsing the opening play under his management are scenting powder. Already, the irascible Antoine has intimated—intimated is, perhaps, too mild a word — to one of the public's favourites, that her services would no longer be required. She had but a small part, but her reading of it did not satisfy the master. And, in less time than it takes to write or read it, the engagement was broken. Zola's *Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*—decidedly, Abbés are the topic of the day—has given the director some trouble to cast. Nobody seems to fit the part. Three of the company have attempted it, and none have pleased Antoine's sense of proportion. If he only dared! It is whispered that he has his eye on a strolling player—or is it pedlar?

* * *

A Craze for Leanness

Dining at a popular restaurant on the boulevards, I was struck with the small quantity of liquid consumed during the meal. At the five tables within eye-reach there was not a single bottle of wine nor beer, and the water-bottles were full. Among the eighteen people there was one half-bottle of St. Galmier ordered, for a child of ten. Parisians are taking their *apéritifs* as usual; their coffee after luncheon; and an occasional *bock* during the evening; but they are not drinking with their food. The restaurant keepers are bewailing the passing fashion, and hope it will pass quickly. What care they for fashion's decrees? Drinking makes a man corpulent, and adds many inches to a woman's waist; but it also puts money into the restaurateur's pockets. If men and women will be slim, they must pay for it some way or other. And the price of cutlets and steaks has gone up 25 per cent. As for potatoes and macaroni and such-like fat-producers, they are rapidly vanishing from the popular menus. Parisians are bent on reducing flesh. And they are succeeding! A fat Frenchman is now only to be seen in old prints. As for the members of the gentle sex, the stout lady belongs to the common quarter of the town, and is rarely met on the Grands Boulevards.

FRANCES KEYZER.

The future Mme. Delarue

The two actors on the world's stage on which the limelight is now especially focussed in France are the ex-Abbé Delarue and the ex-schoolmistress, Mlle. Frémont. The public attention which has been aroused, and ferment into which France has been thrown, over this unpleasant drama has been incredible, and might have been worthy of a better cause

The late Abbé, now plain M. Delarue, in the guise of a pedlar

The Balloon Race

All roads led to the Tuileries Gardens on Sunday week, for though we have seen balloons and flying-machine experiments in plenty, yet such a fleet as took part in the Aerial Derby is not an every-day sight. Slowly the huge bulk of the sixteen balloons became visible to those waiting outside as they were filled by a company of Sappers. Unfortunately, there was bungling on someone's part in some of the arrangements, for even those who had the privilege of entering the private enclosure had much difficulty in gaining admittance. The winner was the American competitor, Lieut. Lahm, who descended at Whitby, after a journey of 440 miles, on Monday afternoon, while the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who hurried over from the Isle of Man, after winning the Tourist Trophy, came down at Sandringham on the Monday evening.

Stag-Hunting in

Photo

A MEET OF LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUND

Lord Rothschild is Master of the pack bearing his name, which hunts in the delightful Vale of Aylesbury. The hounds

e Home Counties

Newman

AT THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF IVINGHOE, BUCKS

a large and fashionable following. Stag-hunting is just ending on Exmoor, but for the carted deer the season is now beginning

Miss Jessie Bateman

Photo *Bassano*

Now appearing in "Raffles" at the Comedy

Miss Bateman's popularity with the public does not waver. Her great success in *Beauty and the Barge* is still fresh in public memory

Worldly Short Story No. 44

TARRY

By HELEN MATHERS

(Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," etc., etc.)

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

I COULD see nothing, hear nothing, as I waited in the appalling stillness for them to come—for come this way they must.

Before me stretched the long, white road, a perfectly straight line ruled between strips of green, and empty of living creature, or obstacle of any kind. What a road for racing; how impossible to come up with anything that had got the start! Suddenly came a low droning like that of a bumble-bee close at hand, a tiny speck appeared over the edge of the world, and in the same instant (as it seemed to me) a Napier car went roaring by in a whirl of dust, and I caught a lightning glimpse of its two crouching occupants, their white overalls grotesque and distended by the tearing wind.

Like an apparition, it had come, it had gone. I could almost have doubted if it had ever been there, had it not left on my mind an impression at once amazing and intoxicating—intoxicating, as illustrates human possibilities applied to locomotion; amazing, that a man should have the nerve and skill to control so enormous a projectile.

But Major Collingwood had nerve enough for anything, even to running away with my sweetheart, for it was Tarry who sat beside him, and whose attitude, as she flashed past, gave me the impression of—fear.

Yet they were guests in the same house. What was there out of the way in their having a trial trip before breakfast in the new car, of which the man was so proud, and that had only just arrived? Well enough I knew how women with diseased nerves, living only for excitement, found a fierce joy in these mad rides, courting danger as a fillip to their jaded senses; but Tarry was not one of that sort, or she had not been so dear to me and—others. That Major Collingwood had abducted her, I was morally certain, yet there stood I like a clod and a fool by the dusty hedge, not knowing what I should do next, and knowing well enough that whatever I did I could not come up with a motor-car that was going at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

Across the fields showed the gables of the house at which I was staying, and to which, at eight o'clock that morning, had come a wire which had planted me here in the high road, to see what I should see—and I had seen it.

"No breakfast!" cried a voice from the other side of the hedge, "and all to see your beloved flash by with Dolf Collingwood! Fastest pace I ever saw—but the roads about here are heaven-born for motors."

"How could you possibly tell who the woman was?" I inquired, jealous for her honour.

"Because Tarry is so pretty; you'd know her in the dark," said my host, equably, as he lit a cigar. "She is almost the last survival of the old delightful type of woman that has not lost its femininity by over-indulgence in outdoor pursuits and masculine vices. Lord, you may walk the London streets for days, and see tons of well-grown, aggressive women, and not one really pretty little girl like Tarry among 'em all! But what's the trouble? They are merely out for a morning scamper."

"Look here," I said, and gave him the wire I had received that morning.

He muttered over its contents half aloud.

"Collingwood taking Miss Wellborn out on racing car to-morrow morning between eight and nine. Means mischief. Look out for them. London road. —Toby."

"Up to his tricks again," said Bob, frowning. "He forgot you were staying here; also reckoned without Toby. But Tarry's as straight as a die, and it's broad daylight, man. He can't drag her by her bonny brown locks to his lair without *somebody* seeing him."

"Tarry is rich," I said briefly, "Collingwood is poor and—desperate. Toby is no fool. Depend upon it, he did not warn me without reason. Will you lend me a horse?"

"With which to catch a Napier doing its eighty miles an hour?"

"Accidents happen—they must slow down at the villages. Tarry may be able to attract attention to her plight—fifty things may happen. Now will you tell them to saddle a horse, and I'll get Elsa to give me some breakfast?"

Bob went off to the stables, and Elsa poured out my tea, and blamed me for leaving Tarry alone in a house where Major Collingwood also was a guest.

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Didn't you and Bob beg me to come over for a couple of days?" I began, indignantly; "and ain't I as sure of Tarry as she is of me?"

She looked comical at that, and told me never to be sure of a woman, and thought it was awfully smart of Toby to wire me, and wondered how he got the tip.

"Collingwood let out something in his cups, I expect; it's the only time he is ever known to speak the truth."

She nodded.

"That is the secret of his influence over us women," she said; "that he *never* lets us see ourselves as we really are, only as we *think* we are—and he is genuinely in love with Tarry, quite apart from her money. You don't think!" She put her impertinent head on one side, and there was a suggestion in her eye that made me long to box her ears soundly.

"No, I don't!" I said curtly, and went off to the stable, and in another minute was out on the road, doubtfully encouraged by Bob.

"They are thirty miles ahead of you by now," he said, "though, of course, they can't go the pace all the way they did here. His extraordinary nerve and skill will enable him to negotiate awkward corners, but you must hear of him as you go along—still, bar his having a smash, I don't see how you can possibly come up with him."

"I mean to try," I said, waving my hand to Elsa, who maliciously murmured:

"'They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar,'" as I departed.

There was no difficulty in finding out which way Major Collingwood had gone. The road had a deserted appearance—here and there carts were drawn up beside it. I saw white-faced trembling people into whom the very fear of God had been put as he leaped upon them, as it were from the ends of the earth; and, used as they were to motors, they had never seen anything go the pace this one did. In the villages where he had slowed down, the women told me that the lady had seemed "afeared," and several times had tried to jump out, but the gentleman had only laughed, and held her fast, and said that his wife was "nervous." All spoke of his incredible skill and luck; he had injured no one, his car was unhurt, and he seemed in the best of spirits. They must have reached Town long ago, I thought, as at eleven o'clock I came to a place where the London road forked, and by a detour of about a mile, one could follow a seldom-used road by which one eventually returned to the highway.

As I passed the corner, a scrap of something white, caught on a thorn-bush, arrested my attention, and obeying some unaccountable impulse, I turned aside, secured the bit of cambric, and in the corner of it found the initial I had somehow expected.

With beating pulses I followed what I felt sure was a signal flung out in despair, and I had not ridden far, on an exceedingly bad road, when I came upon a motor-car lying in ruins, a man pinned beneath its wreckage, and a little terrified figure sitting in the hedge with hands clasped over its eyes.

"Tarry!" I cried out, and at that she jumped up, and, running towards me, fell into my arms as I dismounted. "Frank, Frank!" she moaned, and wept as if her very heart would break.

I kissed the grimy little face, in which at least the blue of her eyes was untouched, and, leaving the horse to his own course, went to see if her abductor were dead or merely insensible, and when I had lifted the lighter wreckage from him (he lay face downwards, and his unchanging luck had decreed that he was pinned in such a way that he had escaped visible injury) I was about to turn him over, when Tarry seized my hand and dragged me in the opposite direction. For the moment, I had no impulse to go back and play the part either of good Samaritan or of Nemesis. What I had to say to him could be said later, and curiosity gripped me.

"How did it happen—the accident, I mean?" I said.

"Just where the roads fork, we heard a fast motor coming up behind us, and a man's voice, very like yours; I am sure he thought it was you. He lost his head, and took the wrong road, while I threw out my handkerchief as a signal, in case it was you—for I knew you would follow us. This road is quite unfit for motors, and, though we were not going fast, suddenly a tyre burst, the car ran up a bank, turned a complete somersault back into the road, hurling me into this hedge, while *he* was under the car. I think it happened ages ago, for I fainted."

"Tarry," I said quietly, "what have you been up to, that the fellow should dare to take the liberty of running away with you?"

"You would go away, Frank, to your dear friend Bob, and I *told* you Major Collingwood was worrying me, and refused to believe that we liked each other."

"Tarry, you're a flirt," I said with conviction. "A decent girl shows her love for the man she is engaged to so plainly that——"

Tarry looked wisely at me—somehow I thought of Elsa; in some things women are very much alike.

"His new racing car only came last night," she said, "and he begged me to have breakfast early and go out for a trial spin in it. I tried to get out of it, but my hostess backed him up, so at last I gave in. But we had barely started when he told me coolly that, as I didn't seem to know my own mind, he had made it up for me, and he was taking me straight to Town—he had the special marriage licence in his pocket! But he couldn't *make* me, you know. And I was praying that you might see us from the Gables, when we passed you in the road; and I did everything I could to delay him, so that you might come up with us; but it was no good. In the villages I tried again and again to get out, and begged the people to help me; but he only laughed, and said his wife was nervous! His wife! So nobody dared to help me!"

"Cowards!" I said.

"Think of it, Frank, that the worst brutality used by a man to a woman is not interfered with, *because* she is his wife!"

"Much motoring hath made him mad," I said. "Even if he got you safely to Town, what could he do? And he must have known there would be a hue and cry raised after you."

"He reckoned on the scandal—on my not facing it, I mean," said Tarry. "You are a very proud person, Frank—supposing you had refused to take me back?"

The tears had made two clean runnels down her

(Continued on page 84)

Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD SINGING THE SONG WHICH REACHED MISS EDNA MAY'S HEART

Photo] **Mr. Leslie Styles** *(Author of the song)* **Miss Camille Clifford** *(Ladies will note her engagement ring!)* *[Bassano*

The allotment of so important a song as the following to Miss Camille Clifford, while Miss Edna May was the star of the piece ("The Belle of Mayfair"), provoked Miss May to throw up her part

THE LAY WHICH CAUSED MISS EDNA MAY

THE WORDS OF THE DITTY

I walked one day
Along Broadway,
  When I was in New York.
A friend of mine
Said, "My, you're fine—
  You have the Gibson walk,
  You have the pose and Gibson nose,
And quite the Gibson leer.
You've surely heard of the man called Gibson?"
Chorus—He meant the fellow called Dana Gibson.
  What he meant was not quite clear,
  Until I landed over here,
    So why do they call me a Gibson Girl,
    A Gibson Girl, A Gibson Girl?
    What is the matter with Mr. Ibsen?

Chorus—Mr. Ibsen?
    Why Dana Gibson?
    Wear a blank expression,
    And a monumental curl,
    And walk with a bend in your back,
    Then they will call you a Gibson Girl.

Just walk round Town,
Look up and down,
  The girls affect a style
As they pass by
With down-cast eye,
  And a bored and languid smile.
They look as if
They'd had a tiff
  With Mr. Beerbohm Tree.
They do their best, for they've seen the pictures.

Chorus—They've missed the point of the Dana pictures,
    Which are intended, don't you see,
    For all in perfect type should be.

Refrain—So why do they call me a Gibson Girl?
  etc.

HER PART AND PAY TO THROW AWAY

(*Continued from page 82*)

cheeks. It was almost impossible to recognise in her one of the daintiest little girls that ever lived; and, inwardly, I vowed that if I ever bought an automobile, her looks should not be sacrificed to either reckless conceit or the manufacturer's advantage.

"Frank," she said, "I've heard women say it's Heaven going at that terrific speed—but it's just hell; and the wind tears the breath out of your throat. It's mad, it's brutal, it's *wicked* for men to build, and men to drive, such things—just to cut one another out——"

"In other things than speed," I said. "Well, it was boldly planned, and, but for Toby, might have succeeded."

"Toby?" cried the girl, startled.

I took the wire out of my pocket and gave it to her. She gasped as she read it.

"Oh! the scoundrel!" she cried, and clenched her fists.

"Tarry," I said, "prepare for a shock. Major Collingwood abducted you, not because he loved you so much as because he loved your money more. I am rich myself, so your fortune is no serious drawback to you in my eyes. But Collingwood spends all his money on automobiles—and wants more——"

Tarry turned an indignant shoulder on me, and I put my arm round it, and said in her ear:

"So it was not wise of you to put such a temptation in his way——"

"Temptation?"

"—— or good form to be racing about the country with one man while engaged to another."

"But all the women do it——"

"Yes—but then you see you are *the* woman."

"I was angry with you for going away," she whispered, "and though I'm not a motor-maniac—I'm *afraid* to be—for once that mad fever got into my veins, I'd never settle down, or make any home for you worth having. In moderation, I like it—the incredible ease of movement, the swallow-like sensation, the exhilaration; so you shall buy me a car, sir, but not a racing one, when—when——" and she impudently pinched my chin instead of completing her sentence.

"Tarry," I said, "don't you think you look far nicer with all your frillies on, sewing under a tree in your garden, than as you do now?"

"It is all you men care for—frills," she said. "Do you—do you think he is dead? I—I'm afraid to look!"

I started, the sheer inhumanity of the thing, leaving him untended yonder while we laughed and talked together, struck me with sudden force, and I turned hurriedly back, Tarry following at a distance.

At the bend of the road I drew a deep breath of relief. Collingwood was sitting in the hedge, his attitude one of deepest dejection, as he gazed at the mass of wreckage before him.

"All's fair in love and war," he said, airily, as I came up; "you've won, and be hanged to you. There," and he pointed to the smashed car, "goes twelve hundred pounds—and there," he pointed to Tarry, "goes the only woman I ever wanted to marry."

"And there is the horse that brought me," I said. "If I give you a leg up, can you ride to the nearest doctor?" for I saw by the way his left arm hung at his side that it was broken.

He nodded, and got up. Shaken and grimed as he was—beaten, too, in his mad enterprise—the old feckless light still showed in his eyes as, having mounted, he turned in the saddle and looked at the motor.

"I'll send you these pieces," he said, then looked at Tarry: "Of all the little devils to run away with——" he said, then was gone, while I shouted after him to return the horse to Bob Fanshawe, to which he yelled back that he would.

For a moment, we listened to those galloping, retreating hoofs, then I said:

"Tarry, there must be no more of these accidents. When will you marry me?"

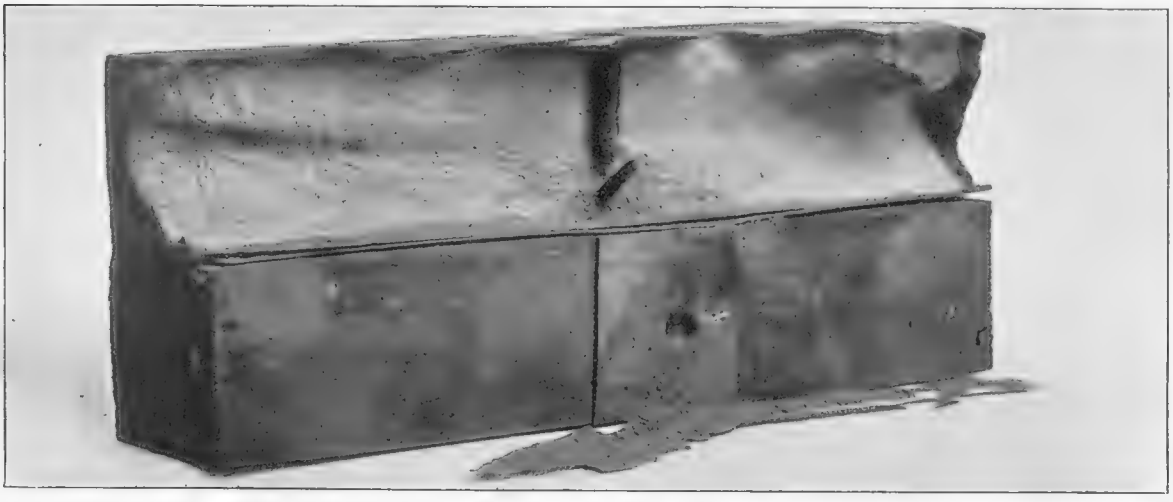
"When you like!"

"To-morrow?"

"O! yes—yes—only take me where I can get some *tea!*" HELEN MATHERS.

The War Against the White Ant

Attempts have been made from time to time to render wood impervious to attack from white ants in hot countries without making it offensive to human beings, but, until recently, without success. The illustration below represents two samples of ordinary yellow deal, bolted together, which were placed some months ago, by Mr. H. N. Ridley, Curator of the Government Botanical Gardens, Singapore, in a position where white ants abound. One piece had been treated by the Powell Wood-Process Syndicate, of 28, Fleet-Street, London, with a termite-resisting solution, which is perfectly inodourous and innocuous except to insects, while the other was left in its natural condition. It will be observed that the latter has been almost consumed, while the former remains entirely intact and untouched by the ants.



The White Ant Pest: The piece of wood on the top has been eaten away, while the bottom piece, which had been specially treated, is untouched

A "Belle" Pro-Tem

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Ethel Newman, who has been understudying Miss Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair"

Miss Ethel Newman was "The Belle of Mayfair" while Miss Edna May was on her summer holiday, and, after the part had been thrown up by that actress, also played it again until relieved by Miss Phyllis Dare

An Historic Inn

THE "RED LION," AT HAMPTON, PATRONISED BY HENRY VIII. AND WOLSEY

A chance for enterprising American relic-hunters has just been lost in the shape of the famous Red Lion Hotel at Hampton-on-Thames, which has, within the last few weeks, passed into other hands. It is not one of those hostelries, with which the country is so overcrowded, at which "Queen Elizabeth (or some other monarch) is *supposed* to have slept," but a building five hundred years old, which was the favourite house of call of Henry VIII. when he was on hunting expeditions, one of his chief occupations when not occupied with matrimonial affairs.

The Court Room at the Red Lion Hotel

This apartment, known also as the Cardinal's Room, was the scene of many interviews between Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey

Cardinal Wolsey

His erstwhile Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey, is also, of course, connected with the house, for here he used to stay during the building of his gorgeous palace at Hampton Court, a mile or two away. We give a photograph of the Court, or Cardinal's Room as it is sometimes called. Here Henry and the Cardinal had several interviews, of what nature, however, history does not relate. In the picture of the exterior of the Red Lion the Court Room is the one on the right, with the bow window.

Stuart Patrons

The inn's Royal patrons, however, do not end with "Bluff King Hal." During the reign of Charles I., the host held the position of one of His Majesty's Postmasters, and while the King was enjoying the luxuries of Hampton Court Palace, it was part of the landlord's business to provide horses for the messengers who, every half hour, travelled to and fro from Whitehall with messages of State and otherwise. Charles II. is also said to have frequently patronised this inn.

Its Later History

When George III. took up his residence at Windsor, the house became a great posting centre, and when the Hurst, the forerunner of Hurst Park, began to be the rendezvous for prize-fighters, it entered upon a new lease of life, and it has by no means come to the end of a useful existence yet. With the advent of the motor, inns are once more coming into their own, and it is to be hoped the new proprietors of the Red Lion will not modernise it out of recognition.

Photos *Bunnett*

The historic Red Lion Hotel at Hampton-on-Thames

This inn which is over five hundred years old, has had many Royal patrons, including Henry VIII., Charles I., and Charles II. The Court Room, where "Bluff King Hal" used to interview Cardinal Wolsey, is the room on the right, with the bow window. It is to be hoped that its new proprietors will not modernise it out of recognition

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (Fifth Series)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii.)

"The Bystander" in Afghanistan

Sent by Lieut. A. M. Daniels, 127th (Princess of Wales's Own) L.I., Chaman, Baluchistan. He writes: "An example of the BYSTANDER's world-wide circulation can be seen from this picture. The stone on the right is one of the boundary pillars, and the three figures are across the border"

"The Bystander" at Strathspey

Miss Ethel Instone, 68, Addison Road, Kensington, says: "This was taken on September 17, and shows the preparations made in honour of the King's visit. A bonfire was erected on Craigvarrow, and could be seen for fifty miles"

"The Bystander" on the Moors

The sender, Mr. Henry Ripley, Kindrogan, Pitlochry, writes: "The photo was taken at lunch-time one day we were on the moors, when the paper was taken quite accidentally." He also says that "if the picture is lucky enough to win a prize, the half-guinea will be divided between the two youngest of our Highland drivers, aged eight and ten respectively." Far be it from us to presume to hint to the lucky recipients not to squander their bawbees, for being Scotchmen they will know better than to do so

FROM ABROAD

Valparaiso Views at Last

Photographs of the Earthquake

So fickle is the public memory that it will probably be quite a shock to many readers to see a photograph on this page of the terrible disaster which overtook the city of Valparaiso on August 18, for so quickly do events move nowadays that this calamity has been almost forgotten. And yet this photograph is the first authentic one of the ruin wrought by the earthquake, and was sent off by the first boat coming from Valparaiso Harbour after the disaster. From actual letters which have come to hand by the same mail, the calamity must have been appalling. The tremors lasted for the best part of a week, so that now two-thirds of the most imposing city of the South American Continent is in ruins. The most severe methods to prevent violence and robbery had to be employed by the Military Governor, Captain Carreño, who, by the way, was trained in the British Navy, but the crisis was one in which "kid gloves" could not be worn by those in authority. Altogether, 3,000 have perished, and the damage is estimated at £50,000,000; but, like the other ill-fated city, San Francisco, preparations are quickly being made to rebuild it in even more up-to-date style than formerly. Seeing that the city has already been wrecked three times in the last century, could not means be devised to construct it on an earthquake-proof style?

The North-West Passage

Few chapters in the history of maritime adventure are more thrilling than those which relate to the North-West Passage, and the names of those who have attempted to force it are numberless. The first attempt on record was made by a Portuguese in 1500. Since that time, however, the attempts in nearly every instance have been made by Englishmen. The names of Martin Frobisher, Captain Parry, and Sir John Franklin all come to mind, the last-named having actually sailed the passage in 1850. The latest sailor, however, to make this perilous voyage is a Norwegian, Captain Omundsen, on board his sloop, the *Gjoa*. Nearly five years ago he set sail from Norway, and for the greater part of all that period he and his crew have been dead to the rest of the world. Four winters have been spent in the icy fastnesses of the Arctic regions, and he has just recently advised King Haakon, of whose accession he heard for the first time, of his success from Nome, in Alaska. The stretch of coast which he has now enabled to be charted for the first time is to be named after King Haakon and Queen Maud. It is to be hoped that Captain Omundsen will also take up the pen, like his fellow-countryman and explorer Dr. Nansen, and that he will give us a chronicle of his experiences.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Ruined City of Valparaiso: All that remained of La Merced Church

Though the disastrous earthquake at Valparaiso occurred on August 18 last, the first authentic photographs only reached England last week. When the first boat after the disaster left, two-thirds of the city was in ruins, and 3,000 people had been killed. Active preparations are now going on for the rebuilding of the city

The North-West Passage

A NORWEGIAN SHIP ACCOMPLISHES THE PERILOUS VOYAGE

The sloop "Gjoa," which has just succeeded in sailing the North-West Passage

The man who has sailed the famous passage: Captain Omundsen, commander of the "Gjoa"

The deck of the "Gjoa," showing the crew which has spent over four years in the Arctic regions while forcing the Passage

Nearly five years ago the ship *Gjoa*, with Capt. Omundsen in command, left Norway in an attempt to sail the North-West Passage. Nothing was heard of him or his crew till the ship arrived at Nome, Alaska, at the end of August, having been successful in forcing the celebrated Passage. The coast, which is now charted for the first time, is to be named after King Haakon and Queen Maud, of whose accession the gallant little band of explorers have only just heard

Mr. Roosevelt "Fraternises" with the Navy

Troubled Isles

A week or two back we made some remarks on those "Isles of Unrest," Crete and Cuba. Things have moved apace, however, since that time. The distinguished Greek Statesman, M. Zaimis, who rendered yeoman service to his country after the war of 1897 by forming a Cabinet on the downfall of the Ralli Ministry, has been appointed Governor of Crete. The Cretans have great confidence in M. Zaimis, and it is hoped he will have better luck than Prince George.

More dramatic, however, has been the "accession" of Mr. Taft to the Governorship of Cuba, and here, also, it is to be hoped, oil has been poured on the troubled waters, and that peace will once more reign.

Photo Exclusive News Agency

Two New Governors of Troubled Isles

M. Zaimis, the Greek Statesman, who has become Governor (High Commissioner) of Crete

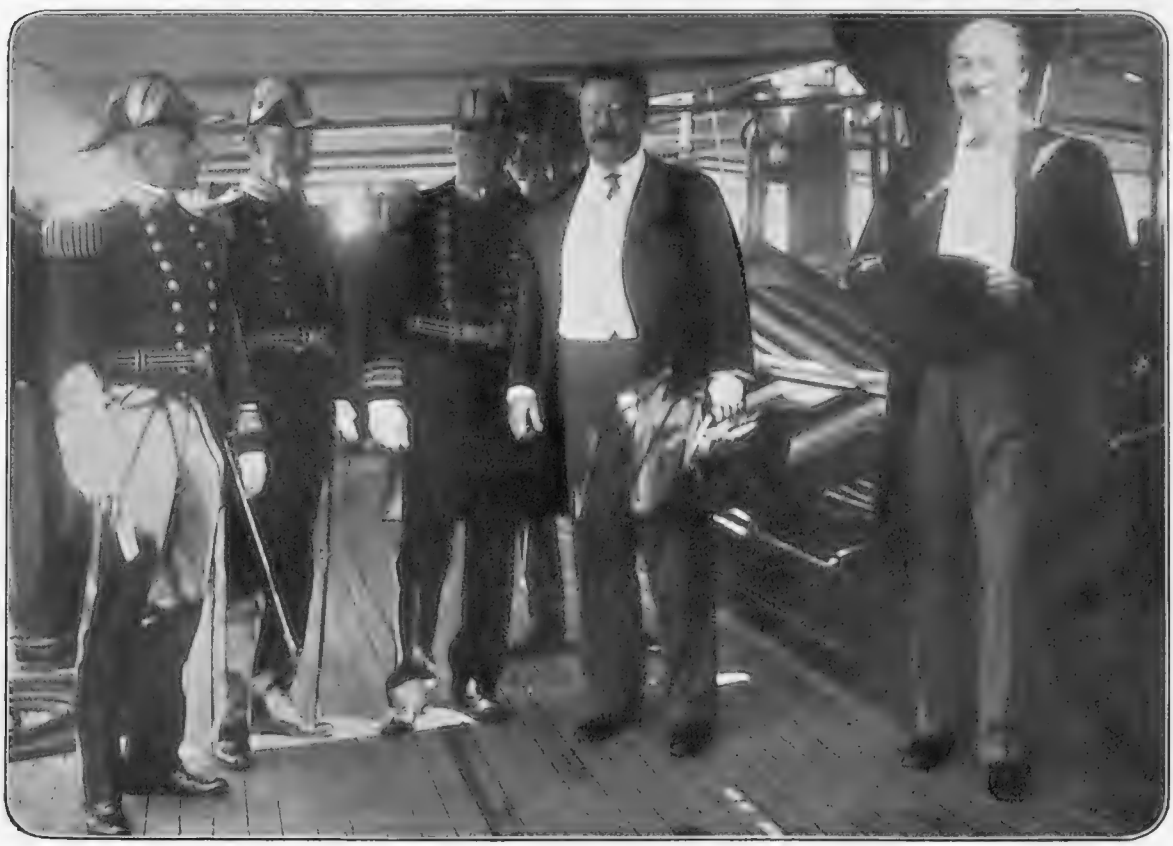
Mr. Taft, the American Statesman, who has become Governor of Cuba

* * *

An Over-Strenuous President

Poor Mr. Roosevelt is again in hot water with the public, for his latest escapade is the heinous crime of fraternising with the crew of the U.S.A. battleship *Missouri*. Of course, as America is so ultra-democratic in *theory*, it is only natural that in practice the nation should be outraged at these very democratic leanings on the part of their President. They are, perhaps, beginning to feel that, after starting a revolutionary war on the harmless, if somewhat tangled, orthography of the English language, they must be prepared for anything, and are inclined to curb their ruler's strenuous proclivities.

What a splendid opportunity, however, Mr. Roosevelt must have had for studying the English, or rather American, tongue in all its untrammelled purity, if the Yankee tars' speech in any way resembles that of his British naval and military brothers, as expounded by Mr. Kipling. However, he must have quailed at the thought of setting down on paper, "spelt in the nu fashun," some of the expressions and phrases so dear to the heart of those in both branches of the Service, which are so troublesome to the mere lay intellect.



Copyright Stereograph *The White Co., London*

Mr. Roosevelt and the U.S. Navy: The President on board the "Missouri"

Much adverse criticism has been cast on Mr. Roosevelt for fraternising too openly with the men of the battleship *Missouri* a week or two back, since his action was deemed too democratic, even in such a democratic country as America. However, as seen above, he "fraternised" also with the officers, and—who knows—put them up to a point or two on nautical questions

Did Anybody Say "Tally Ho"?

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

"I thought I heard the hounds a-baying"

—Old Folk Song

(*Photographed in Lord Armstrong's stables*)

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"I Will Repay." By the Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The North Sea Bubble." By E. J. Oldmeadow. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"St. Stephen's in the 'Fifties." By the late E. M. Whitty. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Little Stories of Courtship." By Mary Stuart Cutting. (Hodder.)
"The Mirror of the Sea." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Famous Novelists Active, After All!

Some weeks ago, speaking of autumn publications, I bewailed the inactivity (as I then thought) of our leading novelists, and shed crocodile tears over the absence of any new books by Messrs. Hardy, Kipling, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, and Stanley Weyman. The issue of the number in which this appeared had scarcely been sold out, when, one by one, the writers thus indicted hastened to remedy the deficiency. Mr. Rider Haggard rushed out with his *Benita* (Cassell and Co.: 6*s.*), Mr. Stanley Weyman came forward with an announcement of a new serial in a magazine, and last, but not least, Mr. Kipling delivered himself of *Puck of Pook's Hill* (Macmillan: 6*s.*). I need only say, for the present, pending mature consideration of the volumes in question, that my appreciation of the promptitude of these distinguished authors is only equalled by my pleasure at seeing them once again in the van of current literature.

The Baroness Orczy

The popular playwright and author has just published a new "Scarlet Pimpernel" story, entitled "I Will Repay" (Greening: 6*s.*)

A Tale of the Terror

I thought the literary "reign of terror"—*i.e.* the period when authors found inspiration in the horrors of the French Revolution—had passsed; that the tumbril, the guillotine, the "aristo," and the *sans-culotte* had gone their gory way and left English fiction in peace, for the nonce. But no! There is still the Baroness Orczy. The Baroness discovered *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—the gallant Sir Percy Blakeney, arch-smuggler of "aristos" from France to England—and made him quite popular with the public, both in book and play form a year or so back. Not content with the laurels then gained, she has made yet another romance out of the same subject, entitled *I Will Repay* (Greening: 6*s.*). Here we see a young French girl of the aristocracy, Juliette de Marny, pledged by solemn vow to wreak a vengeance *à la* Charlotte Corday on Paul Déroulède, the popular advocate of the Terror, because Paul had once killed her brother in a duel. Tracking him to his home, she makes him fall in love with her. Then, the moment arrived, she executes vengeance, not, however, by the use of the knife (as with Charlotte Corday on Marat), but by treachery. She betrays Déroulède as a traitor, to the Committee of Public Safety, but, afterwards, realising that Paul loves her, and that her act of vengeance has been a loathsome act, she get him a respite from his doom by incriminating herself. Both are ultimately condemned, and ride to the guillotine on the same tumbril. Then, all of a sudden, just at the psychological moment, when all Paris thirsts for their gore, and rescue seems hopeless—then—the Scarlet Pimpernel! This bare outline will suffice to assure the lover of a good Revolution story (and, despite my sneers at the start of this paragraph, I am myself a red-hot lover of one) of something properly thrilling. The Baroness *does* know how to pen a romance. She never flags. She is finely melodramatic. There are one or two absurdities in the story, as, for instance, the harping of the heroine in the early parts of the book on the "crime" of the "murderer" of her brother, Déroulède, when, all along, she knows the affair to have been a fair fight. But, as remembrance of this is quite washed away in the red blood of the sequel, I will carp not at all thereat.

A Burlesque "Invasion of 1910"

Some kind of burlesque on the foolish vapourings of yellow novelists on the subject of the forthcoming invasion of Britain by the Germans was badly wanted, and the wonder is that it has been so long in coming. At length, Mr. E. J. Oldmeadow has attempted the task, and with much originality and fantastic humour. *The North Sea Bubble* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*) assumes, from the start, that the "Invasion of 1910" has taken place, and that the enemy is sitting within our gates, hundreds of thousands strong. He spins a finely dramatic and quite humorous yarn of how a small but intrepid party of Britishers ultimately outwitted the Kaiser's legions and drove them home to their beer and sausages. The *modus operandi* is this:

A party of banished Imperialist M.P.'s are on board a ship from Hamburg to be exiled to Heligoland. On board the ship also, as stokers, stewards, etc., are a hundred or so Germans not loyal to the Kaiser, but afflicted with "Internationalist" ideas. The leader of these, Zimmermann, suggests to the chief legislator aboard, the Duke of Donegal, that the M.P.'s should mutiny, with the aid of the disaffected Germans, capture the ship and steer it secretly over to Ireland. This is done. Meanwhile, a party in London form up, proceed to Ireland, and the "distressful isle" is made the base for a new "Invasion of England"—by the English. The ship having brought to Ireland the British Parliament, what easier than to summon a special session at Galway, give Ireland Home Rule on the spot, and use the "bhoys" for the purpose, dear to their hearts, of driving the Germans away? Incidentally, humorous use is made by Mr. Oldmeadow of the idea of a rising against the *Germans* of 11,000 German waiters. So often has it been suggested that the legions of German workers in England would, in case of war, take arms against England, that there is a freshness and novelty in the probable supposition that they would take arms against Germany! Though Mr. Oldmeadow's clever book (which has a "love interest," too, oh, my lady readers!) is a burlesque, I must say that some of his speculations, especially that concerning the Irish and the German waiters, have about them a deal of probability. In fact, the whole thing is about the most probable improbability, the most possible impossibility, that has come my way of late years.

Mr. E. J. Oldmeadow

Author of an amusing burlesque war-story entitled, "The North Sea Bubble" (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

Politics Then—and Now

Politics are being talked once more, in a perfunctory sort of fashion, hence a book, entitled *St. Stephen's in the 'Fifties* (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d.), is to be commended for a quiet hour or two in the club armchair. The book is an actual record of the impressions of an observer and Parliamentary journalist of the period, in the shape of some papers written in *The Leader* by Mr. E. M. Whitty. It is interesting to compare the point of view of a Parliamentary reporter of fifty years ago with one of to-day. I note in Mr. Whitty's observations a degree of philosophic contemplation of the doings of the St. Stephen's that he knew which is not to be noted in our modern scribes. The House of Commons, with its "Dizzy," its Gladstone, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Cobden, Bright, and the rest, seems to have been an altogether more dignified debating arena than that of 1906. What lions those men seemed; how finely, and with what glorious *blague*, they played the same old game that our men try to play. Mr. Whitty seems to reproduce the Parliamentary atmosphere of his day in a vivid fashion, and his pages are worth reading, if only to raise in one's mind an ideal of dignity in debate.

A Dual Personality

Inserted into a copy of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new volume, *The Dumpling* (Cassell: 6s.), is a pamphlet containing two photographs of the author, one profile, the other full-face, attached to which is this quotation from a review in the *Literary World*:—"There are two Coulson Kernahans. One wrote *The Dumpling*. The other wrote *The Duel*." Having read *The Dumpling*, I can only surmise that the particular Mr. Kernahan who is so popular with the public is the one who wrote *The Duel*, a volume which, therefore, as Disraeli put it, I shall "lose no time in reading." As a matter of information, I may add that *The Dumpling* is a sensational piece of work, which tells, in a "thrilling" fashion, of a forthcoming Labour rising, the chief personality being a species of working-class Napoleon.

Miss Cutting's New Stories

Those who liked Miss Stuart Cutting's, "Little Stories of Married Life" will also like her *Little Stories of Courtship*, just published by Hodder and Stoughton. Miss Cutting is a sort of Mr. Keble Howard feminised and born American, and she writes the same sort of thing that Mr. Howard wrote in "The Smiths of Surbiton," only she has somewhat more of the narrative habit and less of the "just-putting-down-what-you hear" method than her English counterpart. There are little stories running through Miss Cutting's work as well as fairly accurate portrayals of New York suburban life.

In Brief

Messrs. Methuen have just published Mr. Joseph Conrad's latest book, *The Mirror of the Sea*. It is not, this time, a novel, or even a series of stories, but a collection of "memories and impressions," which admirers of the Polish author's fine and intimate style will welcome.—Another "public-school story" to hand—this time *The Etonian* (J. V. White: 6s.), by Alice and Claude Askew. It deals, however, more with the hero away from Eton than at that institution, and introduces "the fellow's people" to such an extent that I really doubt whether it will be appreciated in scholastic circles. To outsiders, however, it is readable and well written, and the question whether the Eton parts of the story are "true" or not will not specially trouble them.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

An Interesting Article on Golf

It is always a pleasure to come across a well-written article on golf, and I feel I shall be doing a service to golfers in calling their attention to *Chambers's Journal* for this month, which contains an excellent disquisition by Mr. F. Kinloch on "Golf of Yesterday and To-day." Mr. Kinloch has been trained in the best traditions of the game, and, as befits one of his family, holds very sound opinions on everything pertaining to it. His devotion to golf has been unremitting, as I know, since his earliest days. Having, with immense pluck, conquered a natural disability which would have deterred most men from active sport, he has developed and maintained a most steady game, which makes him a dangerous opponent for those of his class in a single, and a most doughty partner for any class in a foursome. In these later years, his great claim to the gratitude of all those who have championed the claims of the foursome as the finest form and school of the game is that he was mainly instrumental in arranging the great professional International foursome which has given such a great impetus to foursome play.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mr. Leslie Balfour

The new Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews

A Golfer and a Writer

It is a pleasure to recognise that when Mr. Kinloch takes his pen instead of his club into his hand, he wields it just as efficiently as he does his driver, mashie, or putter. He has extracted, for the benefit of the golfer of to-day, the contents of one or two early articles in *Chambers's Journal*, dating respectively to the years 1858, 1859, 1863, and 1877, and as he finishes up with some comments on Harry Vardon's "The Complete Golfer," we have a survey in miniature of the last fifty years of the game and its developments. The present editor of *Chambers's Journal* is, like his father and grandfather, a devoted adherent of the game, and we have, therefore, the unique feature of an article about golf written by a golfer for a journal founded by and belonging to a family of golfers. Indeed, one of the first articles referred to by Mr. Kinloch deals with a tournament instituted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1858 and won by Mr. Robert Chambers, the father of the present editor.

Camp-Stool Golfers

I can well remember my uncle telling me the stratagem he resorted to in the final, in which he had as an opponent a very slow and deliberate player. Making up his mind not to be put off by the dilatory methods of his adversary, Mr. Chambers added to his caddie's usual burdens that of a camp-stool, on which he calmly seated himself while his opponent pottered over his stroke. I know of some players of to-day to whose opponents a camp-stool might be serviceable, not only for actual use, but also as a hint to their over-slow antagonists. But this is dangerous ground to tread, and I had better leave it before trouble ensues, and return to Mr. Kinloch's older days. I will content myself with observing that the fussy and slow player ends by becoming a nuisance to all other players, and in some sense his own enemy, for a stroke, like an egg, tends to become addled if the hatching process is unduly prolonged. *Verb sap. sat.*

An Omission

There is one omission in Mr. Kinloch's article which I feel bound to notice. He says that "prior to Sir Walter Simpson's book, which deals mostly with the science of the game (published 1887), there was only one manual of instruction—namely 'Golfing,' by Robert Chambers (1863)." This statement leaves out of account a most admirable little treatise on the game, which was published in 1857. I refer to "The Golfer's Manual: An historical and descriptive account of the national game of Scotland, by a Keen Hand (Cupar, Whitehead and Orr, 1857)." I took pains to secure a copy of this delightful little work, which now has found a resting-place in the smoking-room of the St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich, and it will well repay any member or visitor who devotes a few moments between his rounds to its perusal. It was written by Mr. H. B. Farnie when a student at St. Andrews University, and can be read with advantage even to this day by the modern golfer. In fact, it would be most interesting to read this manual and then turn to Vardon's *magnum opus*, and note how little the fundamental principles of the game, and the best way to play it, have altered.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The "Springboks" at Blackheath

Some characteristic attitudes

The South Africans have now played four matches against English teams, and have scored 109 points. Until Saturday, none of their opponents had scored a point. Then, however, in the match against Durham, England's honour was partially saved by the North-Countrymen scoring 4 points against 22. Daring attack is the principal secret of the "Springboks'" success, and the above sketch gives an idea of their strenuous methods of play

DRAWN BY CHARLES AMBROSE

To Rival Horse-Racing

THE NEW MOTOR-TRACK AT WEYBRIDGE, ON WHICH CARS WILL RACE LEVEL

View in Cones Wood, Weybridge, where trees are being felled to clear the space for the new motor-track

The track near the L. and S. W. Railway at Seven Arches Bridge

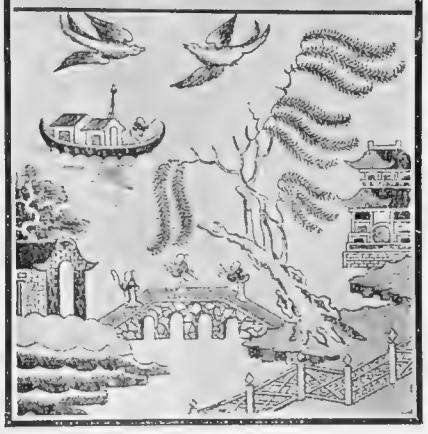
Photos] **Entrance to Cones Wood showing timber cleared for the track 100ft. in width** [*Topical Agency*

For the first time, England is to have, at Weybridge, her own motor-racecourse, which bids fair, in future years, to rival in popularity Sandown, Kempton, and Hurst Parks. This will be the first course on which cars will be seen racing "neck-and-neck" in the exciting fashion of horse-races, rather than speeding along high roads making speed and time records, which, however valuable to specialists, are of little or no spectacular interest. One hundred men are now employed in preparing this track, which will have a circuit of seven miles

HEAL & SON'S

TOILET WARES OLD & NEW

To go with



Old Furniture.

Write for this Booklet, No. 129, with photographs and prices of inexpensive reproductions of Spode, Copeland, Wedgwood, Mason, and other wares.

196 Etc., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

A Merry Xmas.

Why should we wish you a Merry Xmas in October? It seems strange, but we have a reason. It is because we want your own Merry Xmas to be shared by the Poor Children in the Slums, whose Xmas will be far from merry if you do not help in the work of the

POOR CHILDREN'S YULETIDE ASSOCIATION.

This is a great national movement for providing Toys and other Gifts for Christmas Trees for Poor Children, and you can obtain full particulars from the Secretary,

P. S. BRUFF, Byron House, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Proprietors of THE BYSTANDER *are deeply interested in this scheme, and are offering Handsome Prizes in connection with Prize Competitions arranged to benefit this institution.*

ARDATH TOBACCO Co., LONDON

Begs leave to inform the smoking public at home and abroad that its factory **exclusively** produces—

HIGH-CLASS TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES

AT MODERATE PRICES.

No inferior quality Cigarettes or Tobaccos of any description are issued by them. The following are three of the best-known brands:

STATE EXPRESS

HIGH-CLASS VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES.

"LANCET" REPORTS.—"Are leaf and nothing but leaf, uninjured or soiled by mechanical treatment. The specimens analysed show that due hygienic precautions are observed during their preparation."

Quality No. 555		Astorias. (Billiard-Room Size.)		No. 999. (Extra Quality.)	
	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
Per 100	4 9	Per 100	6 6	Per 100	7 0
,, 10	0 6	,, 10	0 9	,, 10	0 9

Quo Vadis

TURKISH-EGYPTIAN

CIGARETTES.

An entirely new departure in Oriental Cigarettes, **mellow** in flavour, free from all added scented matter, and decidedly superior to **imported** Egyptian Cigarettes.

Quality No. 50.			Extra Quality No. 100.		
Per 100.	Per 50.	Per 10.	Per 100.	Per 50.	Per 10.
7s.	3s. 6d.	9d.	9s. 6d.	4s. 10d.	1s.

"ARDATH"

SMOKING MIXTURE.

The cultured smoker, the old smoker, and the smoker who has never been satisfied with other Tobaccos, are all charmed with Ardath Smoking Mixture.

	1 lb. Tin.	½ lb. Tin.	¼ lb. Tin.	2 oz. Pkt.	1 oz. Tin.
Price -	9s. 8d.	4s. 10d.	2s. 5d.	1s. 3d.	7½d.

The Ardath Tobacco Company's high-class productions can be obtained at over 25,000 tobacconists and stores in the United Kingdom at the above fixed prices, and at most dealers in every part of the universe. Should, however, any difficulty be experienced in obtaining supply, on receipt of P.O. or stamps samples will be sent post free at prices stated above.

ARDATH TOBACCO Co., LONDON, E.C.

THE FOLLY OF THE BALLOON RACE

A Glorified "Caucus Race"

The sport of balloon-racing is doubtless exhilarating and entertaining enough to those who actually take part in it; but to the ordinary mortal, whose tastes do not soar into the realms of aeronautics, the great race over which we were invited to enthuse last week appears to have been a peculiarly senseless affair. It reminds one forcibly of the Caucus race in "Alice in Wonderland," in which, it will be remembered, the competitors started more or less promiscuously, ran until they were tired, and then stopped. In this case, the competitors started at more or less regular intervals (not that that particularly mattered), and their sole object was to be carried as far as possible without coming to grief, not in any given time, nor in the direction of any given goal. They could come down when they pleased, and since the sea does not lend itself to the requirements of a comfortable and orderly descent, the main consideration was, how to hang on as long as possible without the risk of a final collapse into that unstable element. Hence it came about that nine out of the sixteen competitors deemed it more prudent to "refuse" when they came to the water-jump—the English Channel—while the remaining seven who negotiated it successfully, found that England is an island of such absurdly small and irregular proportions that further obstacles of a similar character had to be reckoned with. And the man who found—either by good luck or good management—a current which would carry him over the length rather than over the breadth of England was bound to score. At first it was thought that the Italian balloon, "Elfe," piloted by M. Alfred Vonwiller, had succeeded best in this, for it proceeded as far as Hull before grappling with the roof of a cottage in preference to being carried out to sea; but it subsequently transpired that Lieut. P. Lahm, the skipper of the American balloon, "United States," had managed to carry on as far as Whitby before pulling up within a mile or two of the sea, and his total of miles covered (about 400) placed him first. The "Elfe's" total, 370 miles, placed her second, and next came the French balloon "Walhalla," in charge of the Comte de la Vaulx, who went to earth at Walsingham, in Norfolk, and the English "Britannia," which came down some while after the others near Sandringham. Her skipper, Mr. Rolls, of automobile fame, was prepared to hold on for another twenty-four hours had it not been for the proximity of the Wash and the North Sea.

What Has It Proved?

And so, when all is said and done, what does it amount to? Not much. Unless the race was instituted purely for the amusement of a few enthusiastic aeronauts, it may be presumed that it was intended to test the utility of the balloon as a practical means of locomotion, and to show what progress, if any, has been made towards that end by expert balloonists. If so, it can only be said to have failed. If some definite place had been chosen (due regard being, of course, paid to the general direction of the wind at the time), or even if an imaginary line between two places some miles apart had been taken, and the prize had gone to the balloon which got nearest thereto within a given time, the race would have been more like a race in the accepted sense of the term, and there would have been some utility in it, for it would have shown whether, and to what extent, a balloon is a navigable thing, capable of being steered by means of different currents of wind at different altitudes, more or less in a given direction. As it is, the main thing that this so-called race proved was that descents are made with much less risk than they used to be. Some of the balloons did some damage to property in coming down, but there was only one case in which personal injuries were sustained. This in itself should encourage the promoters of the race, if it is renewed next year, to attempt something more convincing.

A Boom in South Africans

All doubts as to whether the tour of the South African Rugby team would catch on with the English public have now been entirely dispelled. They are much too good a side to be ignored by anyone who takes the smallest interest in "Rugger," and when they made their first appearance in the London district last Wednesday, there were about 12,000 people at Blackheath to witness their 21 points to nothing victory over Kent, and to admire the way in which they gradually wore down and finally overran their opponents. It was quite good enough to make us wish for more; but Londoners will have to wait patiently until the 24th before seeing them again. This week they are up North; they play Northumberland County to-day (Wednesday) at Newcastle, and Yorkshire on Saturday at Leeds. Next week they will be in the West playing Devon and Somerset, and the week after comes their match with Middlesex at Richmond on the 24th. It seems a pity, by the way, that county matches should figure so largely on their programme. There are several club teams, at any rate in the South, which would give them a far better game than these heterogeneous conglomerations of individuals lumped together and dignified with the name of a county team. So far, with the exception of the two 'Varsities, the only club fixtures they appear to have are with Welsh clubs.

The Surest Means of Obtaining Health

DR. ANDREW WILSON'S IDEA.

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., has just issued from the press an engrossing booklet which will set people thinking. In this booklet, "*The Art of Living*," he says :—

"Many people merely exist—they live in a state in which they may be described as being neither very ill nor very well. Persons in this state do not get the most out of life and they cannot attain to the best in the way of living. They cannot do their work in a satisfactory fashion. Work which should be easily performed becomes a toil to them. As a writer has said, they feel 'the burden of living.' Now in a typical state of health living should be no burden at all.

"I should define health as that condition in which every duty of life is performed without pain or discomfort. Whenever we are ill we infringe, so to speak, this definition. The little ailment, equally with the serious one, implies pain to a certain extent, and it renders the sufferer a less effective worker. Besides, loss of health, or even feebleness, has its economic side. It entails loss of money, by reason of inability to discharge the duties that lie to our hand.

"Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness, if we can, at the outset. Suppose a person has 'run down,' as the saying goes, in his bodily health. He feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warnings to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? is a question of great practical interest. The reply is that in the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour.

"Probably he will be advised, and rightly, to take a 'tonic.' This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately, the number of 'tonics' is legion, and he may well be puzzled which to select. His doctor will prescribe the special 'tonic' adapted to his case; but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a 'tonic' and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody.

"I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen. Recovering from an attack of influenza, and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health. It is this personal experience of Sanatogen which leads me to recommend it so strongly in all cases of weakness. I do not wonder, after my own experience (duplicated I may say in the case of friends), that medical men both at home and abroad prescribe Sanatogen in many instances of ordinary weakness as well as in those of actual disease.

"What is Sanatogen? is a query which may be answered by saying that it is in no sense a 'secret' remedy. Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it. It combines two distinct elements, one *tonic* and the other *nutritive*. This is how Sanatogen comes to act specially as a brain and nerve tonic, bracing up the great nerve centres, and restoring them so that they will adequately discharge their duties in governing our frames."

Dr. Andrew Wilson has much more to say about this preparation, Sanatogen; for example, what its ingredients are, to what particular class of persons it is most useful, how it acts in respect of certain ailments, how it supplies the nerve energy to sustain the strain of modern existence, etc. The publishers of this little work, Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., are sending free of cost specimen copies of the whole booklet to every *bonâ fide* applicant who wishes to know all about the preparation, and names THE BYSTANDER in his note of application. Sanatogen, by the way, is sold in packets at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*, and can be obtained from any chemist.

COOK'S NILE SERVICES.

ESTABLISHED 36 YEARS.

Frequent sailings between CAIRO, LUXOR, ASSUAN, and the SECOND CATARACT, affording opportunities of visiting with leisure and comfort the principal TEMPLES, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and ANTIQUITIES of UPPER EGYPT.

FARES:

TO ASSUAN AND BACK.

By TOURIST STEAMER (3 weeks' voyage) - - £50
" " (2 weeks' voyage) - - £35
" EXPRESS " (19 days' voyage) - - £22

SECOND CATARACT SERVICE.

By TOURIST STEAMER (one week) - - - - £20

NEW and luxuriously furnished STEAMERS and STEEL DAHABEAHS, of various sizes, ON HIRE for private parties.

COMBINED BOOKINGS by Egyptian and Sudan Railways and Cook's Steamers at Special Rates to ALL POINTS in UPPER EGYPT and to KHARTOUM and GONDOKORO.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF SAILINGS see Nile Programme, free on application.

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London, and Branch Offices.

ROSS' PRISM BINOCULARS

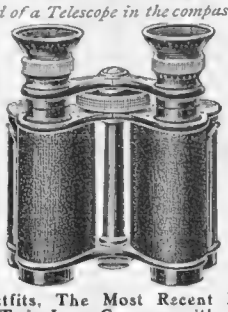
"The Power & Field of a Telescope in the compass of an Opera Glass."

IMPROVED MODEL.

With Simultaneous Focussing Adjustment.

Mag.	£	s.	d.
8 dia.	7	5	0
10 "	8	10	0
12 "	9	10	0

"Once focussed, always ready."



REDUCED PRICES.

Focussing by Eyepiece Adjustment only.

Mag.	£	s.	d.
8 dia.	6	0	0
10 "	7	5	0
12 "	8	5	0

Illustrated Catalogues by Post, Free.

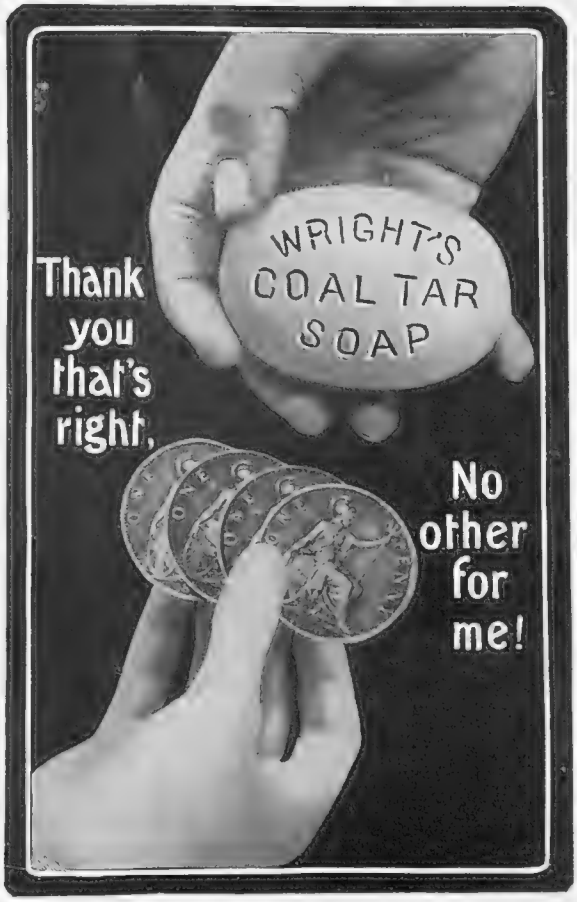
Established 1830.

Photographic Outfits. The Most Recent Improvements in Focal-Plane and Twin-Lens Cameras with Ross' Celebrated Lenses; Telescopes, Field Glasses, etc.

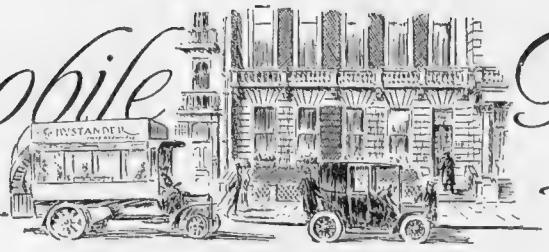
TO BE OBTAINED FROM

ROSS, LTD., 111, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 31, COCKSPUR ST., CHARING CROSS, S.W.

AND OF ALL OPTICIANS.



Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

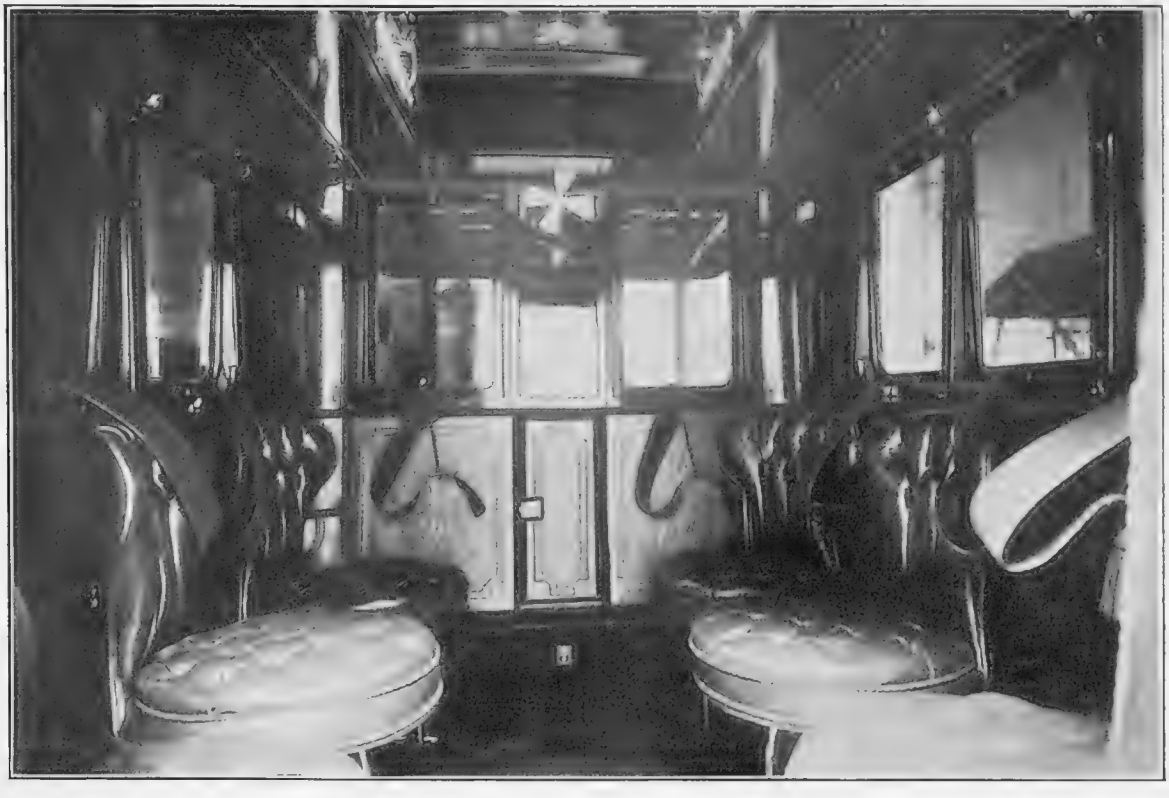
Looking Forward

No sooner has the Tourist Trophy Race of 1906 become a matter of history than automobilists are busy discussing the advisability of continuing the competition. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to whether the contests of 1905 and 1906 have justified the heavy expenditure they have occasioned, and whether the lessons learned have been of practical value in the evolution of the ideal touring car. Personally, I think that considerable alteration in the conditions is necessary if the avowed object with which the Tourist Trophy Race was originated is to be attained. As pointed out in THE BYSTANDER last week, only a small proportion of the cars entered, and a still smaller percentage of those which competed, could be properly classed as genuine touring vehicles. Drilled frames and skimpy coach-work, resorted to for speed acceleration, sadly diminished strength and comfort, and except for the rules regarding the weight of the chassis and the limitation of fuel, the race might have been regarded as a miniature Gordon Bennett or Vanderbilt Cup contest. Naturally, every motorist desires a high-powered and fast car, but those who contend that the development of speed is not the sole *raison d'être* of the Tourist Trophy contest certainly have reason on their side.

* * *

Some Suggestions

Captain H. H. P. Deasy, who, among others, suffered this year through the Club Committee's rigid determination to enforce punctuality, sends me some suggestions which, if adopted, should prove effective in helping towards a really useful touring car. Captain Deasy advocates a minimum clearance of 10 in. between the frame and the ground to reduce dust raising; the increase of the minimum weight of the chassis from 1,275 lb. to 2,000 lb. in order to encourage the building of stronger cars, and this, of course, would involve a more liberal allowance of petrol. Other points are, that the width of the track should be increased from 4ft. to 4ft. 3in.; the adoption of a minimum distance of 5ft. from dash to forward edge of driving tyres, in order that front seats and side-entrance tonneaux may not be unduly shortened; the abolition of a minimum wheel-base; the testing of silencers; and that the present minimum dimensions of bodies shall be increased, while weight thereof shall be decreased.

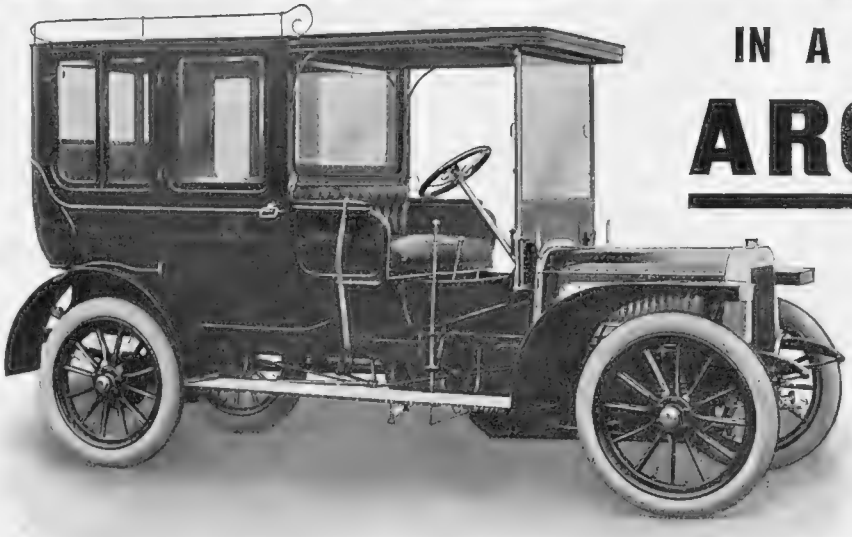


East borrows from West

A prominent native Indian ruler has lately received this six-cylinder Napier car for use by the ladies of his Zenana. The interior is fitted most luxuriously and accommodates eight passengers

WINTER MOTORING

NEED HAVE NO TERRORS FOR YOU



IN A LIMOUSINE

ARGYLL

Speed.
Comfort.
Efficiency.
Reliability.
Elegance of Design.
At the Price, the
Most Handsome
Vehicle Made.

A Seven-Seated Argyll, with Limousine Body by Mulliners, of Northampton.

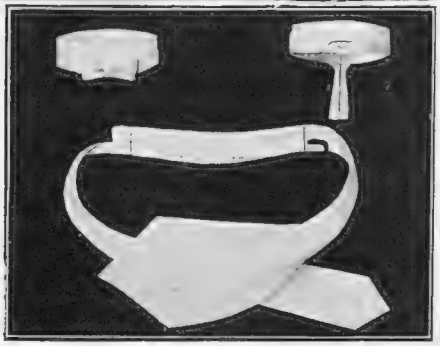
ARGYLLS, LONDON, LIMITED

(EUSTACE H. WATSON, Managing Director),

17, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE NIMROD

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
(Pat. No 1020)



HAND-MADE IN ONE PIECE.

The best Sporting Scarf there is for Hunting, Motoring, Golfing, &c. It can be used either with or without a celluloid stiffener, which can be easily inserted in the pocket provided for the purpose. It is perfect fitting, being made to size of collar worn, which should be given when ordering. Prices: Bow Ends, **3/6**; Ascot Shape, **4/6**; Open Ends, **5/6**.

COUNTRY LIFE:—
"Is perfect fitting, and so absolutely simple and well cut."

T. M. Lewin, 18 Jermyn St. LONDON, W.

AS A PRESENT

To set the seal of good taste
on a generous thought, send a

MORDAN'S
Everpointed Pencil.

The first everpointed pencils made—S. Mordan & Co., Ltd.—are still the best. Mordan's name has stood for excellence for nearly 100 years. The quality is in the design and in the superb workmanship put into every pencil. One of these pencils is perhaps the most attractive gift that can be offered to a man or woman of taste.

STYLE ILLUSTRATED.

Silver, 5s.; Gold, 21s. (with morocco case). Reserve of refills with every pencil. Ask your Jeweller or Stationer for Mordan's Specialities, or write for Illustrated Booklet, post free, from

S. MORDAN & Co., Ltd.,
41, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Use MORDENBRYTE, the Best Polish for Silver and Gold. In Collapsible Tubes, 6d.

FOR SALE.

NEARLY NEW 18 h.-p. WHITE STEAM-CAR,

With Landaulette body. In good order. Can be seen and tried in London any time by appointment.

Reply M. C. DUCHESNE, "Crathie," Slough.

More Consideration Needed

These suggestions may all be highly commended to the Club officials, and in supplement I would like to add that, if we are to have an International Tourist Trophy Race in 1907, it will be desirable to propitiate the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Undoubtedly, much hostility was generated in the outlying districts by the inconsiderate manner in which many competitors and non-competing visitors dashed round the course, at all hours of the day and night, at top speed. Heavy fines should be inflicted for offences of this kind, and, perhaps, if financial penalties for late arrival were substituted for disqualification, no great harm would be done. Starting order might, with more fairness all round, be determined by lot, and encouragement might be given to cars containing other fuel than petrol.

* * *

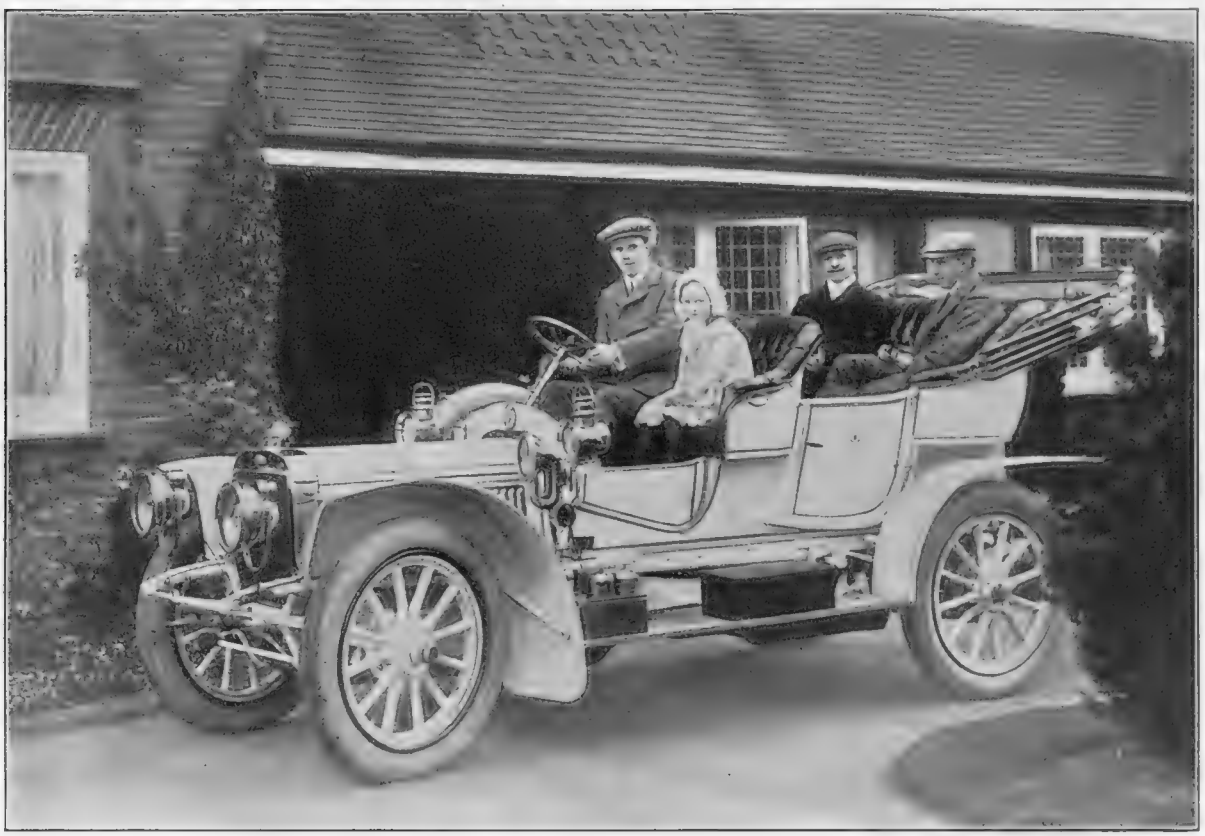
Blackpool Speed Races

On Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13, the most important race-meeting organised in Britain this year will be held on the Promenade at Blackpool. The Blackpool and Fylde District Motor Club and the Blackpool Corporation are to be jointly responsible for the event. The prize fund will amount to about £2,000. The events include standing mile runs for touring and racing motor-cycles; touring cars in chassis price classification—£300, £450, £650, and £900; and an unrestricted class for petrol or steam. Cars in this class may be in racing trim. There is a special class for steam cars and for motor-'buses carrying twenty-two passengers. For racers, the usual Continental classification by weight is adopted, viz., Class I., 650 kilos (1,433 lb.), and Class II., four-cylinder racing cars of 1,000 kilos (2,204·6 lb.). Another class is for four, six, or eight-cylinder racers up to 1,000 kilos. Most of the leading racing cars domiciled in this country will compete, and it is expected that several of the Continental cracks will attend, although the Vanderbilt Cup Race in America has, of course, drawn off the cream of the foreign racing drivers.

* * *

Miscellanea

Gaillon Hill climb takes place in France on October 28 for the seventh year in succession.—Lieutenant Markham will read a paper before the British Motor-Boat Club on Thursday, October 18; subject, "Horse-power: What it is, How it is Measured." — H.M.S. *Dreadnought* is to be equipped with two 50-ft. motor launches. — "Mercédès Points," a neat pamphlet issued by Du Cros-Mercédès, Long Acre, contains much valuable information for owners of Mercédès cars.—Basingstoke, Winchester, Farnham, East Grinstead, and Ripley are spots abounding in police activity at the moment. At Shelford, on Sunday afternoons, a trap is being worked from the bedroom window of the sergeant's house.—*The Graphic* Trophy has only been competed for twice. On the first occasion, it was won by a Humber car at Castlewellan, in Ireland, in 1903.—The Daimler Company announce that transverse rear springs can be fitted to any 1905 or 1906 car at present in use, for the sum of £10. The addition is guaranteed in seven days after reception of the car at Coventry.



Motor driving tuition

Mr. H. G. Watney, of South Lodge, Weymouth, was taught to drive this Argyll car in three hours. His tutor, Mr. Clifford Earp, the well-known racing automobilist, is to be seen seated behind his pupil

Mellin's Food

ON SUBSTITUTES.

Fresh cow's milk is so different in constitution from mother's milk that it cannot be, in itself, a perfect *substitute* for a young baby's natural sustenance.

To render fresh milk a complete and ideal substitute for mother's milk—modify it with Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food is starch-free and easily and rapidly digestible. It acts quickly and effectually upon the otherwise indigestible cow's milk and makes it as nourishing as mother's milk.

A large sample, with booklet, sent free, on application to Mellin's Food, Ld., Peckham, S.E.

IMPORTANT TO ALL MOTOR-CAR OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

If you want your Car to look smart, try "Rolledge," and you will not regret it.

"ROLLEDGE" (REGD.) AUTO-POLISH.

Absolutely Unique for

CLEANING,

PRESERVING,

AND

WATER-PROOFING

all Leather and Enamelled parts of

MOTOR CARS.

Obtainable in all colours from the leading Motor Stores, Grocers, Dry-salters, &c.

MADE ONLY BY

E. BROWN & SON,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated "Meltonian" Blacking, "Meltonian" and "Lutetian" Creams, and other Boot Preparations,

7, CARRICK ST., LONDON, and 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF

W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY.

Over 500,000 Volumes of General Literature. Newest and Best Books added as published. 800 Branches to which Subscribers can be transferred.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Class A. - From £1 1s. per annum.
Class B. - From 10s. 6d. per annum.

BOXES OF BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR SHORT PERIODS.

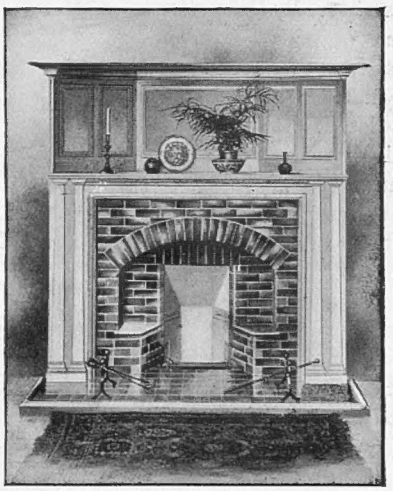
Particulars on Application.

Head Office: 186, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
(Howard Street Entrance)

AND AT

W. H. SMITH & SON'S BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Lovely Colours.



New Designs.

THE

"RATIONAL" FIREPLACE

Is a high-class fire, very strongly constructed to save fuel and labour, and look well. Thousands are now in use all over the world. Illustrated Catalogue and Prices on application to

JOSHUA W. TAYLOR, Ltd.,

Works and Show Room: BRADFORD STREET, BOLTON.

London Office and Show Room: 135, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

With much grief I have had to forego a little run over to Paris I had promised myself for the races —that will have come and gone ere these words are read—but fate and an important mission over here, in connection with a certain exciting theatrical production, have ruled otherwise. So being something of a philosopher, albeit a mere woman, I resigned myself to the next best thing.

Evening Frocks

True it is that Paris is chiefly responsible for the best designs, but equally true is it that the best opportunities occur over here for the display thereof. The *décolletage* is very dear to the heart of an Englishwoman, and the suggestions proffered this season have never been surpassed for picturesque elegance. Everything, of a fact, comes to him or her who waits, and it is assuredly the hour of the short-waist figure. And do not for a moment let it be imagined that the accentuation of this line is ungraceful, the treatment being altogether too individual to allow of that contingency. There is, happily, no hard-and-fast rule as to where this shortened waist-line shall lie; it is altogether debatable, and to be judged by characteristic requirements.

These picture frocks are quite lovely in soft Oriental satin. I know of one in *vieux* rose, that verges on the mauve shade, the skirt ornamented about the region of the knees with narrow, very lightly gathered *volants* of spot net the same shade. Across the front of the *décolletage* there is disposed a flat application of opaline sequin net, which is flanked by a fichu of the net, hemmed at either edge with a fold of the satin. Splendidly effective, also, is a large rose silk spot net, relieved by finger-depths of dark fur and narrow dull gold lace. And here is a really surpassingly delightful and wholly original idea: a gown, following as closely as possible the colouring of a tea rose. The consummation is aimed at by means of pink satin, veiled pink chiffon, and, finally, yellow chiffon. At the hem a deep fold of tea-rose satin is laid, shaped into shallow waved lines at the top, and of this satin is an exceedingly deep and shapely belt fashioned, the upper edge of which disappears beneath a low-draped fichu of the two coloured chiffons, that is outlined by a fold of the satin, and caught in front by a single mammoth tea rose, concocted of chiffon and the tiniest strands of ostrich feathers.

A "souple" cloth costume
(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

A perfect colour-scheme, too, was a dance dress of soft pale-pink satin, two finger-depths of sable tail outlining an *entredeux* formed of narrow upright strappings of satin laid over white net, creating a trimming above the hem. A short bolero effect of the pink satin, hemmed with the sable tail, fashioned the upper portion of the corsage, and fell just a little loose of the figure, over a high-draped belt of sable-coloured satin, ornamented with old paste buttons, fascinating little sleeves of draped tulle completing a confection of extravagantly beautiful order.

A Perfect Furore Over Velvet

Velvet for everything—morning, afternoon, and evening wear. It is a

No. 150.—Vol. XII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, October 17, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	107
Bystander Comments	108
Racing Notions. By "Carbine"	109
The World's Pageant	110
The Topictator	111
Whipping the Liberal Whips	114
The War Against Socialism	115
A Reminiscence of the "Snowstorm" Derby	116
Pity the U.S Immigrant	118
Round the Town	121
The Dairy Show	125
Blackpool Motor Race	127
Paris Week by Week	128
Games and Pastimes	130
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 45.—"A Puff of East Wind." By Ellaline Terriss	131
A Forthcoming Stage Debut	133
"Bystander Everywhere" Competition	135
Actress as Philanthropist	136
The Library	137
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	140
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	142
Automobile Topics	146
A Woman's Note Book	VIII
Special Extra Sixteen-Page Hunting Supplement	

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

DRURY LANE, THEATRE ROYAL.
Managing Director, Arthur Collins.
Every EVENING at 8.0. MATINÉE every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.0. THE BONDMAN, by Hall Caine.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. BURNING TO SING.
Music by Gustave Kerker.
MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE, in COPPELIA.
Fête Galante, The Brfttons, Carl. And Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PORTRAITS.
EXHIBITION of reproductions of portraits from the fourteenth century to the present day. — FRED HOLLYER'S STUDIOS, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington. Open daily, 10 till 6.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"In the Days of the Comet." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)
"The Gollywoggs' Desert Island." By Florence and Bertha Upton. (Longmans: 6*s.*)
"I Will Repay." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"A Maid of Brittany." By May Wynne. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Heidelberg." By Elizabeth Godfrey. (Grant Richards: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Great Britain in Modern Africa." By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. (Seeley: 5*s.*)
"The ABC of Poultry." By E. D. Johnstone. (Pitman: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Pribbles and Prabbles." By Maxwell. (Skeffington: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Heir of Dene Royal." By Franlt. Dawson. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Electricity of To-day." By Charles S. Gibson. (Seeley: 5*s.* net.)
"The Romance of Early Exploration." By A. Williams. (Seeley: 5*s.* net.)
"A House of Letters." By Ernest Betham. (Jarrold.)
"The Plowers." By Agnes Grozier Herbertson. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Rambles on the Riviera." By Edward Strasburger. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net.)
"Memories and Thoughts." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Abelard and Heloise." By Hélène Gingold. (Greening: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Orange Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 6*s.*)
"A World Beneath the Waters." By Rev. Gerard W. Bancks, M.A. (Cassell.)
"The Incomplete Amorist." By E. Nesbit. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"Shadow and Shine." By Sarah Doudney. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Woman Thou Gavest." By Lady Troubridge. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"The North Sea Bubble." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"The First Claim." By Myra Hamilton. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Story of the Amulet." By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Romantic Cities of Provence." By Mona Caird. (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net.)
"The Russo-Japanese War on Land." By Capt. F. R. Sedgwick. (Forster, Groom: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Old Man Book." By R. P. Stone. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

FOUR NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

By Mme. MELBA.

MELBA writes of these Records:—
September 20th, 1906.
I am very pleased with my latest records. Your wonderful Gramophone improves year by year. NELLIE MELBA.

The following are the Titles of the New Records:—

(21/- each.)

03072 **Aubade Le Roi D'ys** *(E. Lalo).*

03069 **Ave Maria** *(Gounod).*
With Violoncello Obbligato by W. H. Squire.

03070 **Pastorale** *(Bizet).*

03071 **Mi Chiamano Mimi—"La Bohême"** *(Puccini).*

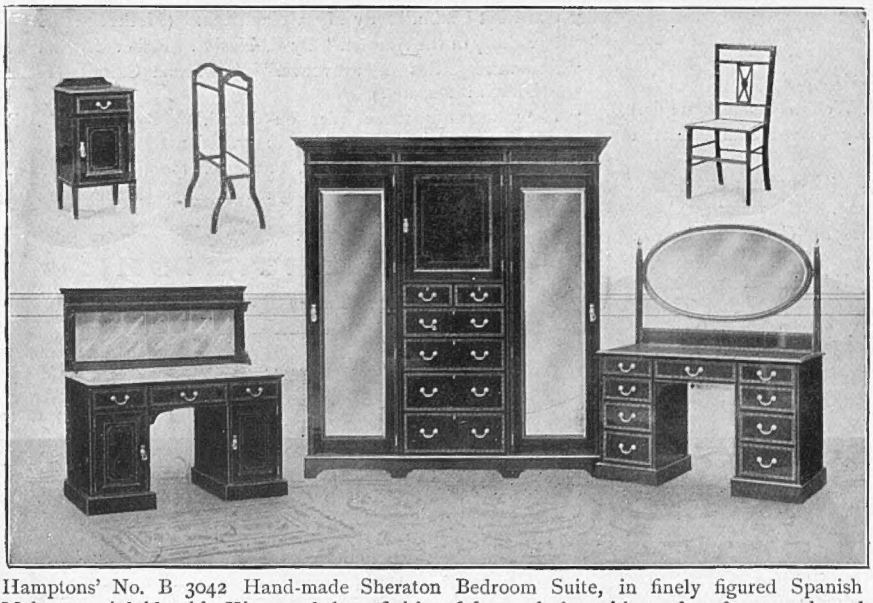
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

On receipt of Post-Card we will send you further List of Records made by Mme. MELBA, also Catalogues and Prices, etc.

THE GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER, Ltd.,
21, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

HAMPTONS

Tasteful and Refined House Furnishings.



Hamptons' No. B 3042 Hand-made Sheraton Bedroom Suite, in finely figured Spanish Mahogany, inlaid with Kingwood, best finish; 6 ft. wardrobe with cupboards at each end fitted for hanging; 4 ft. pedestal dressing table; 4 ft. washstand with marble top and tiled back with shelf over, beside cupboard with drawer, towel horse, and 3 chairs.
Complete, **£52 10 0** 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead to match, **£5 5 0**

For the latest designs in High-class Hand-made

BEDROOM FURNITURE

see Hamptons'
CATALOGUE B 504
sent post free.

HAMPTON & SONS. Ltd., Pall Mall East. Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.